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# THE GRAPHIC.

AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
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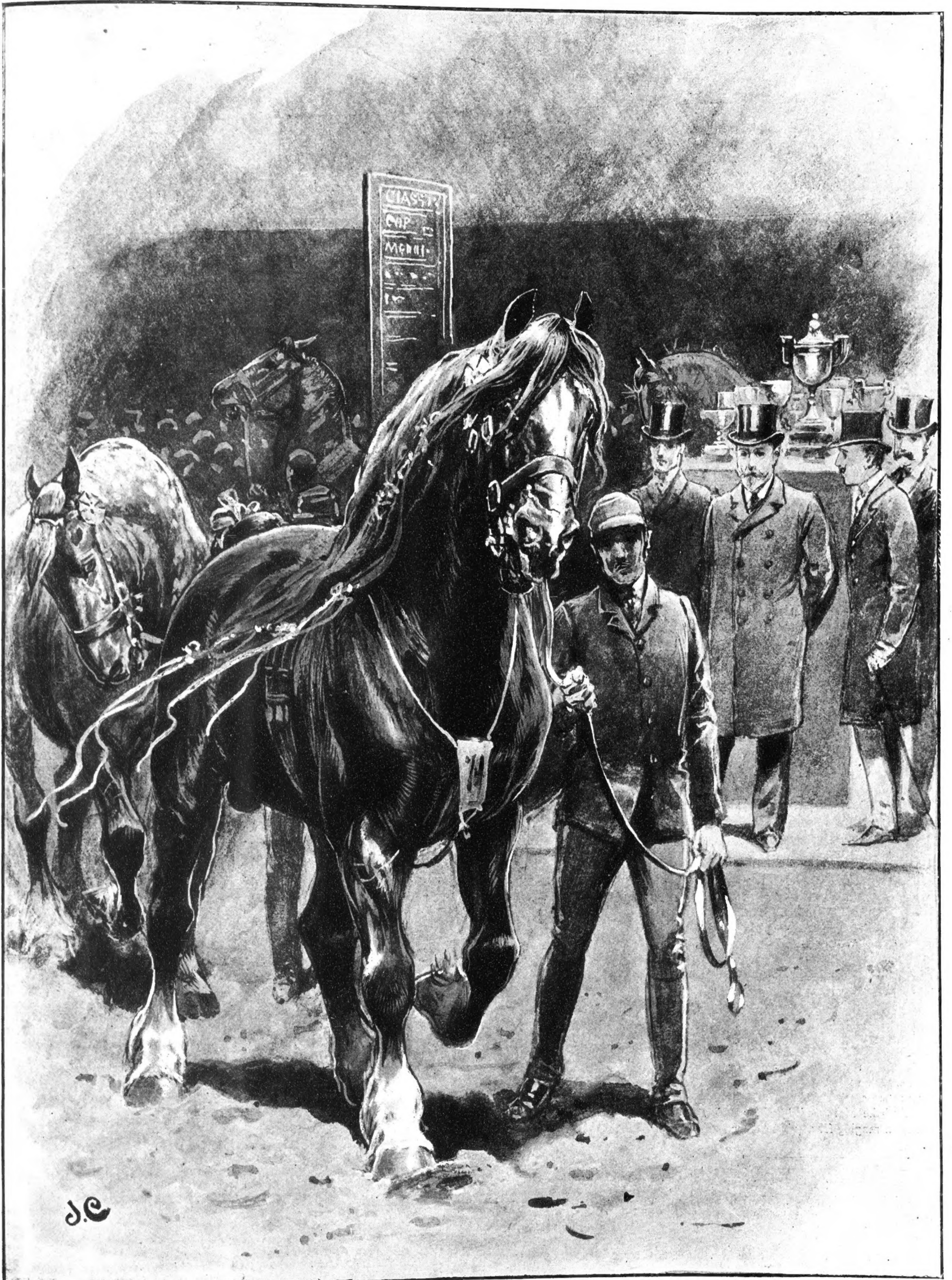
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1899

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
"The Cry is still they Come" By Post, 9½d.



DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACPHERSON

THE PROCESSION OF CHAMPIONS BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES  
THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL



## Topics of the Week

**England and Russia in China** THE Far Eastern Question seems destined to become as permanent a worry to European statecraft as its Near Eastern analogue, and very largely for the same reasons. There is the same kind of Sick Man, the same Anglo-Russian rivalry, the same difficulty in the way of a conciliation of British and Russian interests. It does not, however, follow that the parallel must be continued to the end, for the Near Eastern Question has, at any rate, left behind it a vast accumulation of experience which, if applied to the Far East, should enable the Powers directly interested to come to some arrangement. The question is really a very simple one, and with goodwill and good faith on both sides, ought to be easily solved. Russia has certain aspirations in Northern China and Manchuria. For the moment she is unable to realise them, partly because they involve operations which can only be gradually carried out, partly because the political situation is not propitious, and partly because it would be hazardous to attempt them until the railway communications with the Far East are completed. Meanwhile, however, it is essential to her that she should warn off all would-be trespassers, and that she should prevent other Powers from acquiring interests in the provinces she covets which would prevent her from annexing them in the fullness of time. In other words, she wants a sphere of influence in China, chiefly in Manchuria. Now, according to the Treaty rights of this country such a sphere of influence is impracticable. Those rights give us equality of opportunity with other Powers all over China, and hence deny to Russia any preferences in Manchuria or elsewhere. It is, however, to be observed that the protection of those rights largely depends on China's ability to defend herself. Unhappily, China is not in a position to resist any Power, and hence if we want to continue to enjoy the rights secured to us, we must be prepared to defend China against any Power which seeks privileges incompatible with the Treaty rights of other Powers. Are we prepared to undertake this grave responsibility? That is the question. Owing to the impotence of China, Great Britain and Russia find themselves face to face in Manchuria, and it is necessary that they should settle their differences direct. For some months past it is understood that negotiations have been in progress between the two Powers with the object of conciliating their respective interests. Great Britain, it is said, is prepared to recognise the Russian sphere of political interest provided she is guaranteed protection for her commercial interests and a permanent Open Door in the provinces so earmarked. Difficulties seem to have arisen over the question of railway rates, and the negotiations have been practically suspended. It is, no doubt, in consequence of this deadlock, and with a view to bringing pressure on this country to adopt the views of Count Muravieff with regard to railway rates, that a fresh campaign against British interests has been initiated by the Russian Minister at Peking. It is to be hoped, however, that Lord Salisbury will adhere firmly to the lines of the very fair bargain he has proposed, or, failing it, will fall back on the *status quo ante*. In any circumstances the negotiations must not be allowed to drag on indefinitely. British interests in China are too valuable to be left at the mercy of a diplomatic drift. If Russia will not come to an equitable arrangement with us we must take our stand on our Treaty rights, and we must be prepared to defend those rights to the utmost of our resources.

It was rather idle questioning to which Mr. Brodrick was subjected in connection with the recent disturbances in the Uganda Protectorate. They had precisely the same origin as the Indian Mutiny; like the sepoys, the Soudanese troops got to believe that they were masters of the situation. But that story belongs to the past; happily, the mutineers are in process of evaporation, while the rapid construction of the Mombasa Railway brings the erst isolated Protectorate nearer and nearer to its reinforcing base. The most interesting information supplied by the Under-Secretary was that defining the scope of our present undertakings between Uganda and Khartoum. Very wisely, the Government has decided to remain content with placing a string of detached posts along the river. There are to be no adventures either east or west; they may come afterwards, but the pressing matter is to create "effectual possession" of the great waterway. That is sound policy; the "young man in a hurry," who never measures distances on the map, must curb his impatient longings for the universal display of the meteor flag from the Abyssinian frontier to the Congo State's boundary. There is such a thing as going too fast as well as going too slow, as our enterprising neighbours discovered when they despatched the Marchand Mission to the Upper Nile Valley, without arranging for any base of supplies and reinforcements.

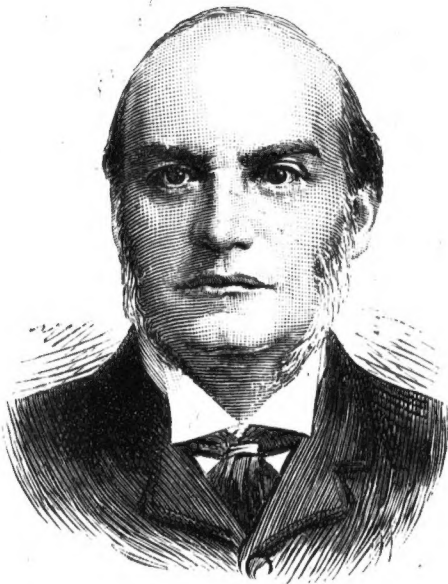
Already guessing has begun in financial circles as to the particular manner in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer will "face the music" on Budget Day. There is no longer any question that he will have to provide between three and five millions additional for next year's requirements, and it may be taken for granted that the following year will want as much if not more. Imperial expansion has to be paid for, and although the money thus spent eventually comes back with added interest in increased commercial and industrial

prosperity, at first starting the taxpayer's withers are pretty certain to be wrung. Very naturally, therefore, but very inconveniently for Sir M. Hicks-Beach, payers of direct taxation strive to thrust the extra burden on payers of indirect taxation, and *vice versa*. So it always has been, and so it always will be, *in sæcula sæculorum*. Thus, just now, sufferers from income tax inflation suggest that the amount of tobacco duty remitted last year should be re-imposed, and that beer could bear another shilling a barrel without hurting anyone. But the great brewing interest would be up in arms instantly were that attempted, while if a differential duty were imposed on foreign sugar the powerful sweet-stuff interest might raise the Free Trade war cry. Indeed, there is only one way in which the Chancellor can balance his account without giving offence and losing votes—partial suspension of the Sinking Fund. Truly, it is a great temptation, but a most evil precedent would be established if that desperate remedy were resorted to at a time of peace and prosperity throughout the Empire.

At the first look Major-General Kelly-Kenny's report on last year's recruiting appears to prove that the extra three-pence a day pay has operated as a powerful inducement. But on analysing the figures more closely it comes out quite clearly that the ranks have been largely filled by the ancient process known as "robbing Peter to pay Paul." Nearly 4,500 old soldiers were shifted back from the Reserve to the First Line, while by "special enlistments" some thousands of under-sized or under-aged lads were made to appear as men. The Militia also was weakened to fatten the Line, and partly through this depletion its effective strength diminished by 4,745. It will be seen, therefore, that the recruiting difficulty is by no means at an end; indeed, when allowance is made for the stimulating effect of Lord Kitchener's victories, it seems doubtful whether we are really any better supplied with "food for powder" than was the case prior to the substitution of new baits for old on Sergeant Kite's hooks.

### The Late Lord Herschell

THE Late Right Hon. Farrer Herschell, P.C., G.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., first Baron Herschell, who died at Washington of apoplexy on Wednesday, was the son of the late Rev. Ridley H. Herschell, who married Helen, daughter of Mr. W. Mowbray. He was born in 1837, and was educated at the University of Bonn and at University College, London. He graduated B.A. (Classical honours) at London University in 1857. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1860, and rapidly rose in his profession. In 1872 he was made a Queen's Counsel and a Bencher of his Inn; and in the same year was appointed Examiner in Common Law to the University of London, a post which he held until 1886. He was Recorder of Carlisle from 1873 to 1880 when he became Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry and was knighted. He had been returned to Parliament in 1874 as a Liberal for Durham, and represented that constituency until 1885, when he unsuccessfully contested the North Lonsdale Division of North Lancashire. He was raised to the peerage in 1886, and was Lord High Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's short Ministry from February to July of that year. He took part in the famous Round Table Conference on Home Rule, the first meeting of which took place in his house. He again held office as



Lord High Chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's last Ministry from 1892 to 1895. When a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works, Lord Herschell was unanimously chosen President. The main result of the inquiry was, of course, the Act of 1888, which brought into existence the London County Council, which entirely superseded the old Board of Works. He was elected an Alderman on the County Council, but declined to sit. In 1886, when a Committee of Organisation was formed to promote the scheme for the Imperial Institute, Lord Herschell became the chairman, and when the Charter was obtained in 1888 he was made Chairman of the Governing Body. He was appointed a British Member of the Venezuela and British Guiana Boundary Arbitration Tribunal in 1897. On May 30 last year it was agreed to appoint a Joint Commission to adjust all matters in dispute between Canada and the United States. Lord Herschell was selected as one of the British Commissioners, and when the Commission met in August he was chosen Chairman. He married in 1876 Agnes Adela, daughter of Mr. Edward Leigh Kindersley, of Clyffe, Dorset. He is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Richard Farrer Herschell, who was born in 1878.—Our portrait is by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

## The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Commons, in this respect only, like gentle Dullness, ever loves a joke. Even where none is intended, it insists upon seeing one. On Monday night, when Mr. Channing was backing up Mr. Labouchere in his blood-curdling story of the red-out children at Northampton, he having described how at a certain Church school the managers insisted on the children's heads being brushed in a particular way, added, "but the school inspector was knocked that on the head." Do you see the connection? If so, and head. Mr. Channing, blameless since birth of jocular inclination, was bewildered by a burst of laughter. M. Jourdain was not so surprised when he learned that he had been talking prose, for his life than was the member for East Northamptonshire when he had made a joke.

A better known illustration of this amiable manner is the coming puns foisted on Mr. Balfour. Happening to allude to the phrase once familiar in platform speeches, about electing "a stake in the country," he added, "but that is on the ground." Someone quick at seeing a joke tittered. Then others came on, till within the space of thirty seconds the House was filled with laughter. Mr. Balfour stood staring in amaze, with only added to the hilarity of the situation. The laughter was prolonged that he had time to turn to the Lord Advocate sitting on the bench near him and ask what was the matter. Only then he learned what a humorist he is. I suppose if the phrase had been used in ordinary conversation the assembled company would have frowned upon its puerility. In the House of Commons, however, till there is positive danger for honourable members of apopleptic tendency.

Another peculiarity of the House of Commons' susceptibility to flashes of humour is that familiarity, so far from being regarded as a disqualification, is rather a recommendation. Nine years ago, in some reflections on the late Lord Stratheden and Campbell, it was written in a column much read in Parliamentary circles "he habitually walks on tiptoe with thoughtful intent to prevent Campbell from disturbing the reverie of Stratheden." The sentence will be found preserved on page 359 of "A Diary of the Salisbury Parliament." The humour, such as it is, has been conveyed and adapted to an incident of the day. Wherever two or three members of the House of Commons are gathered together you will hear them chuckling over the saying "Campbell should have voted in one lobby and Bannerman in the other."

This alludes to the attitude assumed by the Leader of the Opposition in the Soudan policy of the Government. Mr. John Morley, breaking the silence of the Session, moved what was practically a vote of censure upon the Government for going to Khartoum. It was rather an embarrassing move for his friends and late colleagues. But Mr. Morley was quite within his right. He, at least, has been consistent in his denunciation of expansion in the Soudan. But what would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and other Front Bench men do? They had, in common with Mr. Morley, denounced the Soudan expedition when it was projected. But a good deal, including the battle of Omdurman, has happened since then. What they would prefer would be to let the topic slide out of discussion. Since it was raised from so prominent a quarter something must be said—or at least, something must be done in the Division Lobby.

Sir Edward Grey, promptly following Mr. Morley, opposed the motion, and uncompromisingly defended Ministerial policy in the Soudan. From this it was inferred that ex-Ministers had resolved wholly to abjure their former critical attitude. Sir Edward Grey, as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs with the late Government, is nominally their spokesman on foreign questions. It seemed to onlookers that, apart from his official position, Sir Edward represented opinion on the Opposition Benches. Members seated there had been ominously silent throughout Mr. Morley's speech. It is true they did not generally applaud Sir Edward. But that was a natural abstention since his remarks were punctuated by cheer from the other side.

When at the approach of the dinner hour the Leader of the Opposition unexpectedly rose he became the centre of curious attention. That or the mission he had to fulfil evidently embarrassed him. He had carefully prepared his speech, writing down a few sentences on sheets of note paper. These he read in a hurried manner. Rarely has there been such public spectacle of a Minister in high places. The two points between which Sir Henry was caught were (1) admitted dislike and suspicion of the inception of the Soudan policy, and (2) conviction that, "being in Egypt, we must stay there." This last phrase, being more frequently and emphatically repeated, led the House to the conclusion that Sir Henry had made up his mind to vote against Mr. Morley's resolution. He technically took the form of an amendment to the resolution of the Foreign Office Vote. From this position it was suddenly changed by the declaration that, regarding the amendment as part of a continuous protest, the Leader of the Opposition would unhesitatingly vote in its favour. The Opposition burst into a shout of applause and still smiles when it hears the merry jest about Campbell voting in one lobby and Bannerman in the other.

Private members have succeeded this week in appropriating and occupying their full share of the time of the House. On Tuesday there was imminent risk of a count out, a conclusion of the day's business confidently reckoned upon in advance. This apprehension was useful influence in limiting the duration of speeches. Thus it was to pass that before eight o'clock two topics of real public interest—the extension of piers and harbours in the United Kingdom and the Jurisdiction of County Courts—had been fairly thrashed out. It was when Mr. R. G. Webster came on with the third topic, to decrease of the supply of British seamen, that the blow fell. To everyone's surprise, when the Speaker counted forty were still coming. Mr. Gully declined to count again after an interval of an hour, and upon this rebuff no further effort was made to bring the sitting to abrupt conclusion. On Wednesday, amid signs of lively interest, Mr. Robson, in an able speech, moved the second reading of his Bill, which proposed that the age of half-time workers should be raised to the round dozen of years.



## Loyalty at Home and Abroad

So far as court festivities are concerned, this week marks the opening of the London season, two Drawing Rooms being held on Wednesday and Friday. Mourning, however, made the functions less brilliant than they would otherwise have been, for neither the Queen nor the Princess of Wales was present, while the subdued Queen's dresses recalled the grief of the Royal Family for the late Prince Alfred of Saxe-Coburg. Black and white, mauve and grey, were the only tints permitted. The Princesses and the young Duke of York, and half-mourning prevailed among the Court world. Even the jewels were in keeping, none being the gaudy and diamonds, while violets and mauve orchids pre- sented themselves among the flowers. There was a very small gathering of Royalty, the Princess Christian presiding over both functions, of Royalty, the Princess Christian presiding over both functions, and being accompanied by her daughter. As the Queen had been and being expected to attend the first Drawing Room, many confident expectations were arranged for that date, so that the important presentations were arranged for that date, so that the limit of 200 was filled up very early, while the general attendance was equally large. Now, those who waited for the May Drawing Rooms will have the best chance of seeing the Queen, as Her Majesty is expected to be present at a Drawing Room early in that month.

Meanwhile at Windsor the Queen has been very busy with official receptions. The two new Governors of South Australia and New South Wales—Lords Tennyson and Beauchamp—have been at the Castle for a fortnight with the Order of St. Michael and St. George, while Her Majesty also conferred the Distinguished Service Order on Lieutenant Scott, of the Indian Staff Corps, for service at Mombasa. The new Argentine Minister was the next official guest, presenting his credentials on Monday, when the Duke of Northumberland also had audience to deliver up the badge of the Garter worn by his late father. Viscount Valentia followed to present the Address from the House of Commons in reply to the Royal Speech, and to kiss hands on his appointment as Comptroller of the Household. Lord Salisbury also came for an audience and remained to dinner, while Her Majesty also received Countess de Renzi, wife of the Italian Ambassador. There have been plenty of visitors to dine and sleep—the new Lord Chamberlain and the Countess of Hopetoun, Lord Wolseley, Sir Francis Grenfell, Earl Beauchamp, and Lord and Lady Tennyson—to mention but a few. On Sundays Her Majesty frequently has one of her grandsons from Eton over for the day, so the young Duke of Albany arrived to lunch, while Dean Farrar, who had preached before the Royal party in the morning, was among the guests at dinner in company with Lord Lorne. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz lunched with Her Majesty on Monday.

Before any of the Queen's long journeys there is always a minute rehearsal to ensure all arrangements working smoothly. So in readiness for the start to Cimiez the Royal train made a trial trip over the new route from Windsor to Folkestone, whence the transport on board the *Calais-Douvres* was rehearsed, and the vessel crossed over to Boulogne—the voyage only occupying an hour and twenty-five minutes. All worked admirably. By the way, the Niçois are terribly annoyed because rather a discourteous allusion to the Queen was made in one of the town music-halls. The Mayor hurried off to Paris to call at the British Embassy and make an apology, fearful lest the Queen should be offended. Her Majesty's visits to Cimiez are so popular that even the imaginary shadow of a slight to their Royal guest rouses much public feeling. Four carriages for the Queen's use have been sent over—a landau, a sociable, a pony-trap, and a donkey-chaise. Of course, Her Majesty's favourite donkey goes too, in company with ten grey carriage horses.

Both the Prince and Princess of Wales are bound for the South—the Prince to his favourite Riviera, the Princess for a Mediterranean cruise in the *Osborne*. Her mother's death so tried the Princess that the change and bracing air of a sea trip are needed before she comes back to the fatigues of London life. So the *Osborne* has gone to Marseilles to await the Princess and her two younger daughters—Princesses Victoria and Maud—the Royal party travelling by the shorter route across France. Visits to the Greek Royal Family at Athens and Prince George of Greece in his new home at Crete are to be included in the trip, which will last two months. There was a farewell Saturday to Monday house-party at Sandringham, the Prince rejoining his family from town after working through a heavy list of committee meetings connected with various public objects. The Duchess of Fife was staying with her parents, and the Russian Ambassador was among the guests. Monday brought the Prince of Wales back to town for his final engagements—including a visit to the Hackney Horse Show—and the Princess and two daughters followed on Wednesday in time to say adieu to the Prince, who left next day for Paris as the first stage of his holiday. The Princesses have been at Windsor bidding their father farewell.

## Our Supplement

Mr. GOODWIN KILBURNE's picture, which forms our Supplement this week, illustrates one of those country scenes in the time of which this artist has now made quite a gallery. Here the dwellers in the end of the nineteenth century still look for that southerly wind and a cloudy sky which promise the hunting morning, but they may look in vain as they never hedges for such quaint visions of the eternal feminine as the disturbed trio shown in the picture. They, with their mobbed and high-waisted dresses, belong to a world which has fascinated many other artists—Hugh Thomson, Randolph Caldecott, Kate Greenaway, as well as Mr. Kilburne, and might have walked straight out of one of Jane Austen's novels on to the canvas. They do not view sport with quite the eyes of the hardier hunters of our own time, but with awed admiration of its votaries, tempered with the concern which their pets evince at sight of the hounds.

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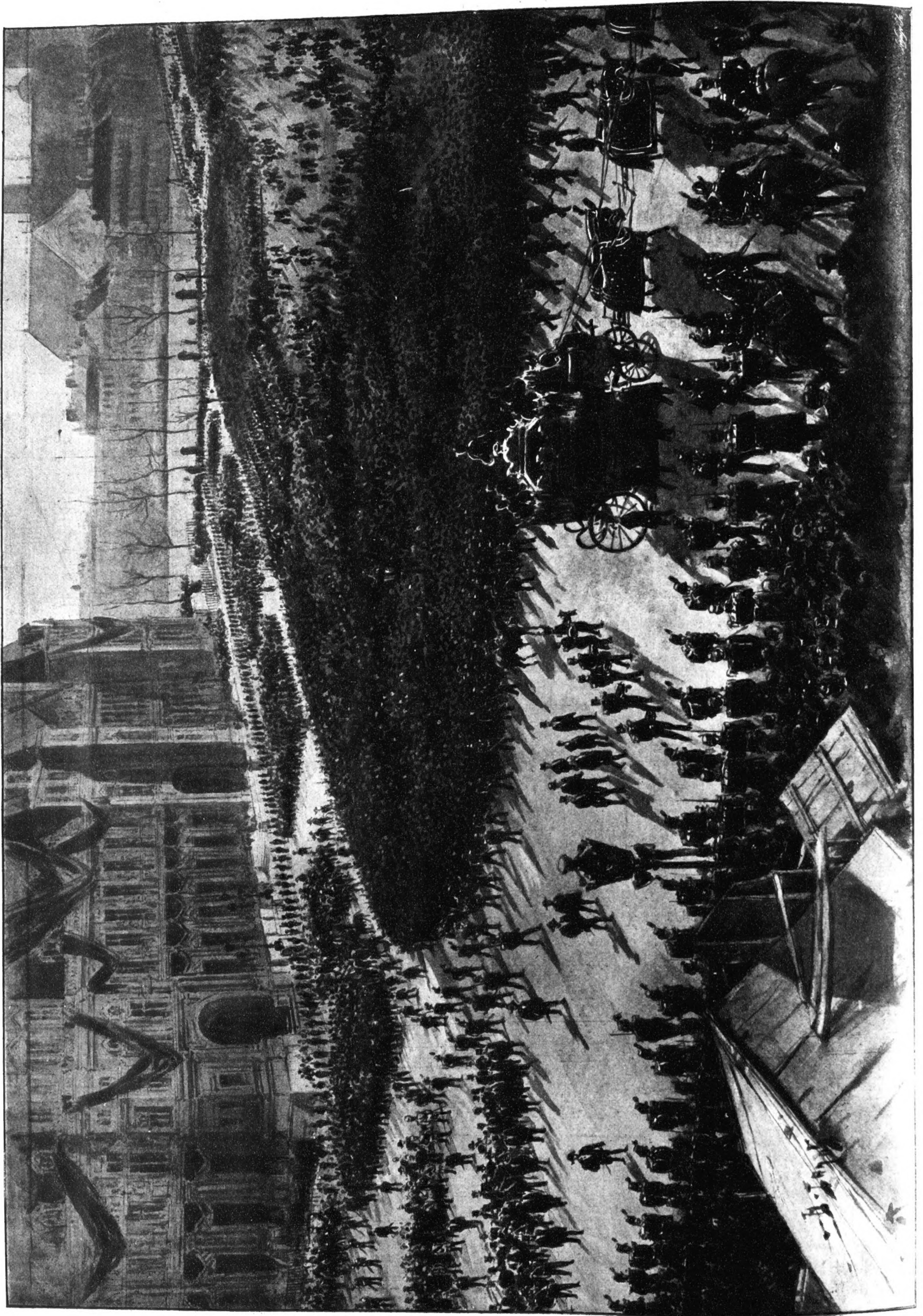
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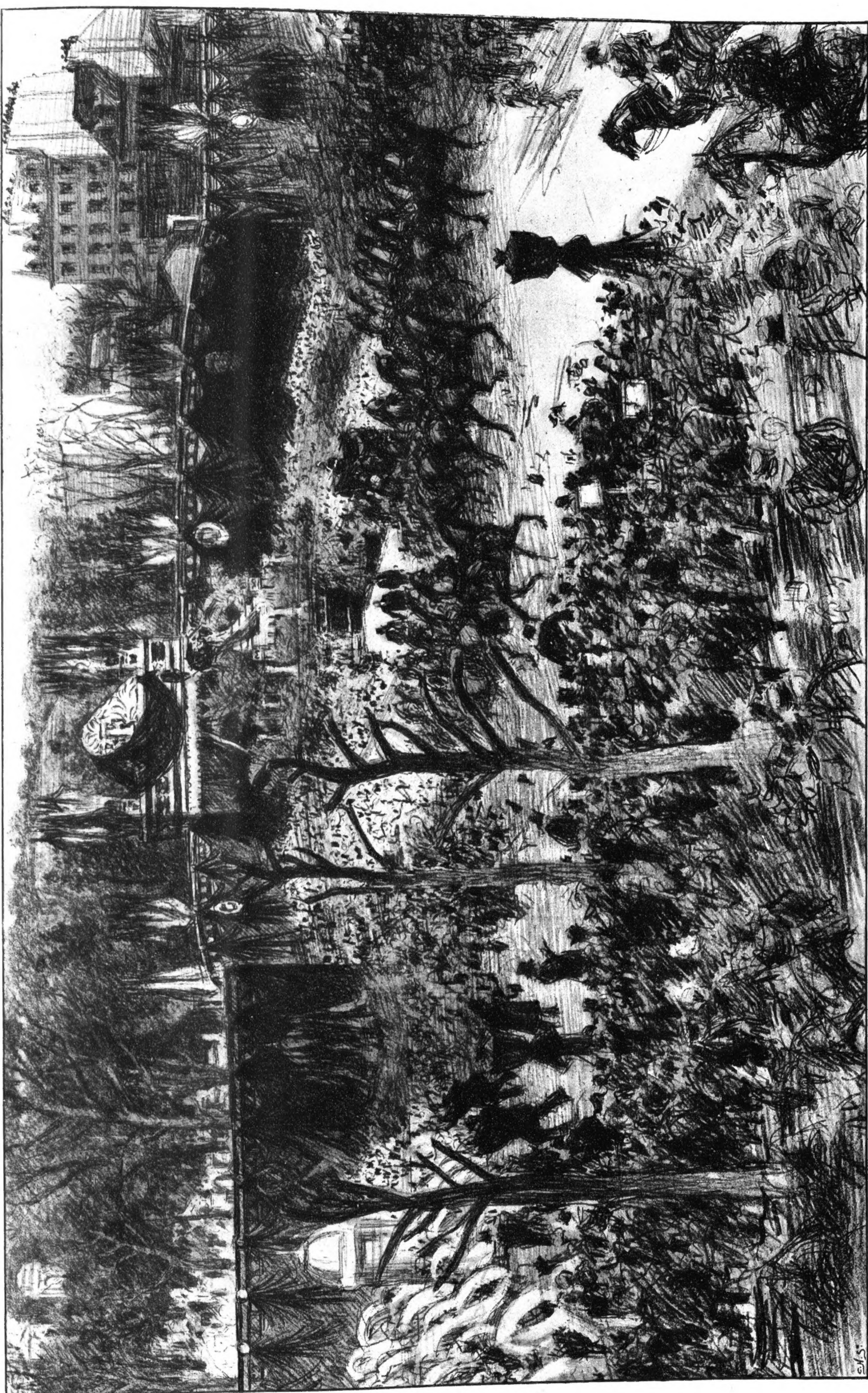




THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE HOTEL DE VILLE

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY H. LANGE





THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PROCESSION ARRIVING AT THE GATES OF PERE LACHAISE

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



## M. Faure's Funeral and the Dérroulede Fiasco

THE funeral of President Faure, which took place in Paris last week, was one of the most impressive spectacles of the kind witnessed in that capital for many years. The procession, which left the Elysée at eleven o'clock, was of immense length.



M. DÉROULEDE

It was headed by troops, and among those who followed the funeral car, besides members of the family and household of the late President, were M. Loubet, the new President, the Ambassadors and other members of the Diplomatic Corps, special representatives of foreign Courts, members of the French Cabinet, Senators, Deputies, and civil, military, and naval officials. The foreign representatives formed a striking feature in the procession. The British and German Envoys were very

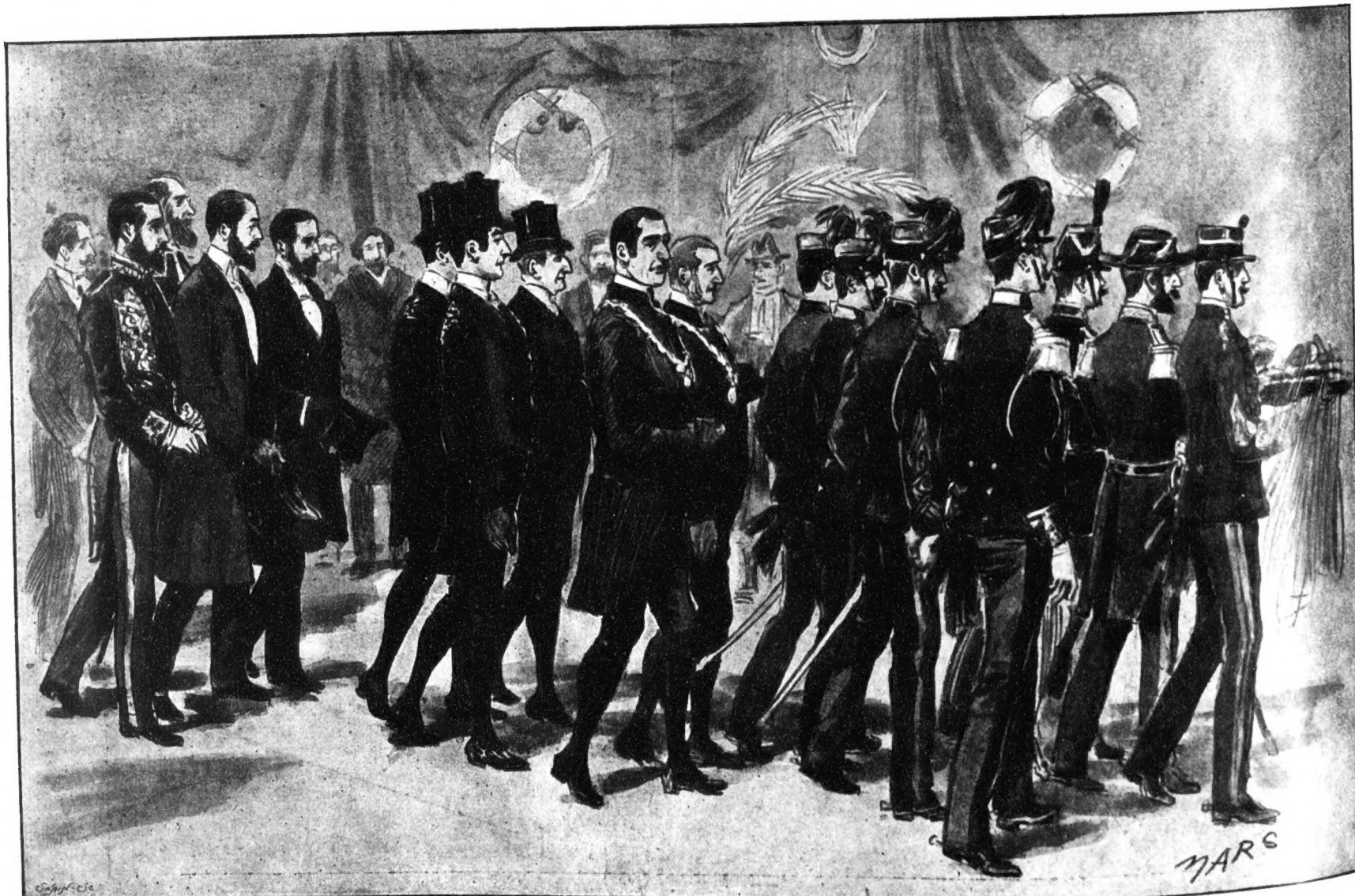
noticeable, not only for the brilliance of their uniforms, but for their fine physique. With Prince Radziwill, who represented the Kaiser, were two officers of remarkable stature. Chief among the British representatives were the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Queen's household; Her Majesty's personal representative, General Sir Stanley Clarke; and Sir Edmund Monson, our Ambassador. The procession first wended its way to Notre Dame, where a most solemn and impressive service was held, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, officiating. The streets on the route were lined with troops and crowded with spectators. The greatest precautions were taken to ensure order, and with the exception of one incident the behaviour of the enormous concourse of people was admirable. After the service the procession re-formed and went on to Père Lachaise, where the coffin was deposited in the family vault of the late President. Orations were delivered eulogising M. Faure by M. Franck Chauveau, Vice-President of the Senate; M. Desechanel, President of the Chamber; M. Dupuy, Premier; M. Lockroy, Minister of Marine; M. Guillaumin, Colonial Secretary, and others. The ceremony was concluded by a march past of the troops. The only exception to the perfectly orderly behaviour of the spectators was caused by M. Dérroulede, who indulged in demonstrations that led to his arrest. Vain attempts were made by him and his friends to harangue the people, but the police



GENERAL ROGET REARING HIS HORSE AT M. DÉROULEDE AND ORDERING THE TROOPS TO THE BARRACKS  
THE DÉROULEDE FIASCO IN PARIS: THE SCENE OUTSIDE REUILLY BARRACKS

were too strong for them, and before anything had happened the funeral was over. When the troops who had taken part in the procession were marching to quarters, M. Dérroulede stepped up to General Roget, who was in command of a brigade, and shouted "General, I hope you will march on the Elysée. France is with you. You must yet save this unfortunate country. The League is with you. Vive la République!" General Roget made no reply, but rode on. M. Dérroulede and his followers thought for a moment that they had gained their wish, but when the brigade swept into the Reuilly Barracks, M. Dérroulede seized the bridle of General Roget's charger. "It's not here you want to lead us, General," he said. "We are Republicans and patriots. Save France and march with us." The Leaguers, all this while round the General and M. Marcel Habert, rushed into the

courtyard, shouting "Save France, General! March with us on the Elysée." General Roget rose in his stirrups and shouted "Get out of the barracks or I will have you arrested!" M. Dérroulede then tried to address the soldiers, and immediately he and M. Habert were arrested. Thus ended a childish display of political feeling, which has been termed an attempted revolution. The hero of it is some sixty years old, and he entered the Chamber in 1889 as a Boulangist. In 1882 he founded the League of Patriots, the object of which was to force a war with Germany. M. Dérroulede is a ferocious anti-Dreyfusite, and poses as a revered patriot. Last year he took to himself the designation of Nationalist, and has brought himself into notoriety by noisy demonstrations in the Chambers and wild appeals to the mob outside. Our portrait of M. Dérroulede is by Benque, of Paris.



M. Le Gall, Chief of the late President's Cabinet  
M. Berge, the late President's Son-in-Law  
M. Blondell, Under Chief of the late President's Cabinet

Officers bearing Decorations

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE: THE PRIVATE HOUSEHOLD IN THE PROCESSION

DRAWN BY "MARS"





THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: M. ROUVIER CONGRATULATING M. LOUBET ON HIS ELECTION

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD

After the election at Versailles, and M. Loubet had as the result been proclaimed President, senators and deputies flocked to congratulate him. Among them was M. Rouvier, whose name was prominent in the Panama crisis





THE BARRAGE OF THE NILE: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE GREAT DAM AT ASSOUAN

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE GREAT DAM AT ASSOUAN





"Broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled seaweed. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation; the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, Titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars, and everywhere great multitudes of people."

## WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. LANOS

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE END OF THE OLD ORDER

So far as Graham was able to judge, it was near midday when the white banner of the Council fell. But some hours elapsed before it was possible to effect the formal capitulation, and after he had spoken his "Word" before the enthusiastic disorder of that same vast theatre across which he had fled for his life not eight hours since, he rested and took refreshment in the apartments of the Wind-Vane offices that had been assigned him until the surrender was prepared. The continuous excitement of the last twelve hours had left him inordinately fatigued, even his curiosity was exhausted; for a space he sat inert and passive with open eyes, and for a space he slept. He was roused by two medical attendants, come prepared with stimulants to sustain him through the next occasion. After he had taken their drugs and bathed by their advice in cold water, he felt a rapid return of interest and energy, and was presently able

and willing to accompany Ostrog through several miles (as it seemed) of passages, lifts, and slides to the closing scene of the White Council's rule.

The way ran deviously through a maze of buildings. They came at last to a passage that curved about, and suddenly broadening before him he saw an oblong opening, clouds hot with sunset, and the ragged skyline of the ruinous Council House. A tumult of shouts came drifting to him. In another moment they had come out high up on the brow of the cliff of torn buildings that overhung the wreckage. The vast area opened to Graham's eyes, none the less strange and wonderful for the remote view he had had of it in the oval mirror.

This rudely amphitheatrical space seemed now the better part of a mile to its outer edge. It was gold-lit on the left hand, catching the sunlight, and below and to the right clear and cold in the shadow. Above the shadowy grey Council House that stood in the midst of it, the great banner of the surrender still hung in sluggish folds against the blazing sunset. Severed rooms, halls

and passages gaped strangely, broken masses of metal projected dismally from the complex wreckage, vast masses of twisted cable dropped like tangled seaweed, and from its base came a tumult of innumerable voices, violent concussions, and the sound of trumpets. All about this great white pile was a ring of desolation; the smashed and blackened masses, the gaunt foundations and ruinous lumber of the fabric that had been destroyed by the Council's orders, skeletons of girders, Titanic masses of wall, forests of stout pillars; the thunderous concussion of their downfall he had heard that morning in the darkened ways. Amongst the sombre wreckage beneath, running water flashed and glistened, and far away across the space, out of the midst of a vague vast mass of buildings, the twisted end of a water-main, two hundred feet in the air, thunderously spouted a shining cascade. And everywhere great multitudes of people.

Wherever there was space and foothold, people swarmed, little people, small and minutely clear, except where the sunset touched them to indistinguishable gold. They clambered up the tottering



walls, they clung in wreaths and groups about the high-standing pillars. They swarmed along the edges of the circle of ruins. The air was full of their shouting, and they were pressing and swaying towards the central space.

The upper stories of the Council House seemed deserted, not a human being was visible. Only the drooping banner of the surrender hung heavily against the light. The dead were within the Council House, or hidden by the swarming people, or carried away. Graham could see only a few neglected bodies in gaps and corners of the ruins, and amidst the flowing water.

"Will you let them see you, Sir?" said Ostrog. "They are very anxious to see you."

Graham hesitated, and then walked forward to where the broken verge of wall dropped sheer. He stood looking down, a lonely, tall, black figure against the sky.

Very slowly the swarming ruins became aware of him. And as they did so little bands of black-uniformed men appeared remotely, thrusting through the crowd towards the Council House. He saw little black heads become pink, looking at him, saw by that means a wave of recognition sweep suddenly across the space. It occurred to him that he should accord them some recognition. He held up his arm, then pointed to the Council House and dropped his hand. The voices below became unanimous, gathered volume, came up to him as multitudinous pin-point cheers.

The sun had long since vanished, the western sky was a pallid bluish green, and Jupiter shone high in the south, before the capitulation was accomplished. Above was a slow insensible change, the advance of night serene and beautiful; below was hurry, excitement, conflicting orders, pauses, spasmodic developments of organisation, a vast ascending clamour and confusion. Before the Council came out, toiling, perspiring men, directed by a conflict of shouts, carried forth hundreds of those who had perished in the hand-to-hand conflict within those long passages and chambers. The Twelve Trustees came out at last, preceded by the disarmed guards in red, and by the black and yellow lackeys; they came along a wooden footway that had been hurriedly made to bridge a streaming torrent of water, along an avenue of improvised lights, to the place Ostrog had chosen to receive them. A perpetual hammering drowned the sound of their approach.

Guards in black lined the way, and as far as the eye could reach into the hazy blue twilight of the ruins, and swarming now at every possible point in the captured Council House and along the shattered cliff of its circumadjacent buildings, were innumerable people, and their voices even when they were not cheering were as the sighing of the sea upon a pebble beach. Ostrog had chosen a huge commanding pile of overthrown masonry, and on this a stage of timbers and metal girders was being hastily constructed. Its essential parts were complete, and Graham stood in his place, but humming and clangorous machinery still glared fitfully in the shadows beneath this edifice.

The stage had a small higher portion on which Graham stood with Ostrog and Lincoln close beside him, a little in advance of a group of minor officers. A broader lower stage surrounded this quarter-deck, and on this were the black-uniformed guards of the revolt armed with little green weapons, whose very names Graham still did not know. Those standing about him perceived that his eye wandered perpetually from the swarming people in the dusky ruins about him to the mass of the White Council House, whence the Trustees would presently come, and to the gaunt cliffs of ruin that encircled him, and so back to the people.

The voices of the crowd swelled to a tumult.

He saw the Councillors first afar off in the glare of one of the lights, a little group of white figures blinking in a black archway. In the Council House they had been in darkness. He watched them slowly approaching, drawing nearer, past first this blazing electric star and then that; the minatory roar of the crowd over whom their power had lasted for a hundred and fifty years marched along beside them. As they drew still nearer their faces came out weary and white and anxious. He saw them blinking up at the glare to see him and Ostrog. He contrasted his memory of their strange cold looks in the Hall of the Atlas. Presently he could recognise several of them; the man who had rapped the table at Howard, a burly man with a red beard, and one delicate-featured, short, dark man with a peculiarly long skull. He noted that two were whispering together and looking behind him at Ostrog. Next there came a tall, dark, and handsome man, walking downcast. Abruptly he glanced up, his eyes touched Graham for a moment, and passed beyond him to Ostrog.

"The Master, the Master! God and the Master!" shouted the people. "To hell with the Council!" Graham looked at their multitudes, receding beyond counting into a shouting haze, and then at Ostrog beside him, white and steadfast and still. His eye went to the little patch of White Councillors. The way that had been made for them was so contrived that they had to march past and curve about before they came to the sloping path of planks that ascended to the stage where their surrender was to be made. And then he looked up at the familiar quiet stars overhead. The marvellous element in his fate was suddenly vivid. Could that be his, indeed, that little life in his memory two hundred years gone by—and this as well?

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### FROM THE CROW'S NEST

AND so, after strange delays and through an avenue of battle and doubt and struggle, this man from the nineteenth century came at last to his position at the head of that new world.

At first, when he rose from the long deep sleep that followed his rescue and the surrender of the Council, he did not recognise his surroundings. By an effort he gained a clue in his mind, and all that had happened came back to him, at first with a quality of insincerity like a story heard, like something read out of a book. And even before his memories were clear, the exultation of his escape, the wonder of his prominence were back in his mind. He was owner of half the world, Master of the Earth. This new great age was in the completest sense his. He no longer hoped to discover his experiences a dream; he became anxious now to convince himself that they were real.

An obsequious valet assisted him to dress under the direction of a dignified chief attendant, a little man whose face proclaimed him

Japanese, albeit he spoke English like an Englishman. From the latter he learnt something of the state of affairs. Already the revolution was an accepted fact; already business was being resumed throughout the City. Abroad the downfall of the Council had been received for the most part with delight. Nowhere was the Council popular, and the thousand cities of Western America, after two hundred years, still bitterly jealous of New York, London, and the East, had risen almost unanimously two days before at the news of Graham's imprisonment. Paris was fighting within itself. The rest of the world hung in suspense.

While he was breaking his fast, the sound of a telephone bell jettied from a corner, and his chief attendant called his attention to the voice of Ostrog making polite inquiries. Graham interrupted his refreshment to reply. Very shortly Lincoln arrived, and Graham at once expressed a strong desire to talk to people and to be shown more of the new life that was opening before him. Lincoln informed him that in three hours' time a representative gathering of officials and their wives would be held in the state apartments of the wind-vane Chief. Graham's desire to traverse the ways of the city was, however, at present impossible, because of the enormous excitement of the people. It was, however, quite possible for him to take a bird's-eye view of the city from the crow's nest of the wind-vane keeper. To this accordingly Graham was conducted by his attendant. Lincoln, with a graceful compliment to the attendant, apologised for not accompanying them on account of the present pressure of administrative work.

Higher even than the most gigantic wind wheels hung this crow's nest, a clear thousand feet above the roofs, a little disc-shaped speck on a spear of metallic filigree, cable stayed. To its summit Graham was drawn in a little cradle, wire-hung. Halfway down the frail-seeming stem was a light gallery about which hung a cluster of tubes—minute they looked from above—rotating slowly on the ring of its outer rail. These were the specula, *en rapport* with the wind-vane keeper's mirrors, in one of which Ostrog had shown him the coming of his rule. His Japanese attendant ascended before him, and they spent nearly an hour asking and answering questions.

It was a day full of the promise and quality of spring. The touch of the wind warmed. The sky was an intense blue and the vast expanse of London shone dazzling under the morning sun. The air was clear of smoke and haze, sweet as the air of a mountain glen.

Save for the irregular oval of ruins about the House of the Council and the black flag of the surrender that fluttered there, the mighty city seen from above showed few signs of the swift revolution that had, to his imagination, in one night and one day, changed the destinies of the world. A multitude of people still swarmed over these ruins, and the huge openwork stagings in the distance at which the still interrupted service of aeroplanes to the various great cities of Europe and America started, were also black with the victors. Across a narrow way of planking raised on trestles that crossed the ruins a crowd of workmen were busy restoring the connection between the cables and wires of the Council House and the rest of the city, preparatory to the transfer thither of Ostrog's headquarters from the wind-vane buildings.

For the rest, the luminous expanse was undisturbed. So vast was its serenity in comparison with the areas of disturbance, that presently Graham, looking beyond them, could almost forget the thousands of men lying out of sight in the artificial glare within the quasi-subterranean labyrinth, dead or dying of the overnight wounds, forget the improvised wards with the hosts of surgeons, nurses, and bearers feverishly busy, forget, indeed, all the wonder, consternation and novelty under the electric lights. Down there in the hidden ways of the ant-hill he knew that the revolution triumphed, that black everywhere carried the day, black favours, black banners, black festoons across the streets. And out here, under the fresh sunlight, beyond the crater of the fight, as if nothing was happening to the earth, the forest of wind-vanes that had grown from one or two while the Council had ruled, roared peacefully upon their incessant duty.

Far away, spiked, jagged, and indented by the wind-vanes, the Surrey hills rose blue and faint, to the north and nearer, the sharp contours of Highgate and Muswell Hill were similarly jagged. And all over the countryside, he knew, on every crest and hill, where once the hedges had interlaced, and cottages, churches, inns, and farmhouses had nestled among their trees, wind wheels similar to those he saw, and bearing like them vast advertisements, gaunt and distinctive symbols of the new age, cast their whirling shadows and stored incessantly the energy that flowed away incessantly through all the arteries of the city. And underneath these wandered the countless flocks and herds of the British Food Trust with their lonely guards and keepers.

Not a familiar outline anywhere broke the cluster of gigantic shapes below. St. Paul's he knew survived, and many of the old buildings in Westminster, embedded out of sight, arched over and covered in among the giant growths of this great age. The Thames, too, made no fall and gleam of silver to break the wilderness of the city; it ran a dark stream of clarified sewage beneath the foundations of houses, and a race of grimy bargemen brought the heavy materials of trade from the Pool thereby to the very feet of the workers. Faint and dim in the eastward between earth and sky hung the clustering masts of the colossal shipping in the Pool. For all the heavy traffic, for which there was no need of haste, came in gigantic sailing ships from the ends of the earth, and the heavy goods for which there was urgency in mechanical ships of a smaller, swifter sort.

And to the south over the hills, in three separate directions, ran pallid lines—the roads, stippled with moving grey specks. He tried to imagine these roads. On the first occasion that offered he was determined to go out and see them. That would come after the flying ship he was presently to try. His attendant officer described them as a pair of gently curving surfaces a hundred yards wide, each one for the traffic going in one direction, and made of a substance called Eadhamite—an artificial substance, so far as he could gather, resembling toughened glass. Along this shot a strange traffic of rubber-shod vehicles, great single wheels, two and four wheeled vehicles, sweeping along at velocities of from one to six miles a minute. Railroads had vanished; a few embankments remained as rust-crowned trenches here and there. Some few formed the cores of Eadhamite ways.

Among the first things to strike his attention had been the great

fleets of advertisement balloons and kites that rose in regular vistas northward and southward along the lines of the aeroplanes. No aeroplanes were to be seen. Their service had ceased, and only one little-seeming aeropile circled high at a distance above the Surrey Hills, an unimpressive solitary figure.

A thing Graham had already learnt, and which he found very hard to imagine, was that nearly all the towns in the country, and almost all the villages, had disappeared. Here and there, he understood, some gigantic hotel-like edifice stood amidst some single cultivation and preserved the name of a town—Wareham, or Swanage. Yet the officer had been so convinced him how inevitable such a change had been, that he had dotted the country with farm houses, and every three miles was the ruling landlord's estate, and the place of the cobbler, the grocer's shop and church—the village, or rather eight miles or so was the country town, where lawyer, merchant, wool-stapler, saddler, veterinary surgeon, doctor, druggist, and so forth lived. Every eight miles—simply because of the eight-mile marketing journey, four back and home, was as comfortable for the farmer. But directly the railway came into play, and after them the light railways, and all the new motor-cars that had replaced waggons and horses, and the high roads began to be made of wood, and rubber, and all sorts of elastic durable substances—the necessity for such frequent market towns disappeared. And the towns grew. They drew the worker with the gravitational force of their endless work, the employer with their suggestions of the ocean of labour.

And as the standard of comfort rose, as the complexity of the mechanism of living increased, life in the country had become more and more costly, or narrow and impossible. The disappearance of the vicar and squire, the extinction of the general practitioner, the city specialist, had robbed the village of its last touch of life. After the telephone, kinematograph and phonograph had come the newspaper, book, schoolmaster, and letter, to live outside the range of the electric cables was to live an isolated savage. In the country were neither means of being clothed nor fed (according to the refined conceptions of the time), no efficient doctors for their ailments, no company and no pursuits.

Moreover, mechanical appliances in agriculture made the engineer the equivalent of thirty labourers. So, inverting the position of the city clerk in the days when London was a city of the future, because of the coaly foulness of its air, the labourer now came hurrying by road or air to the city and its life, and left it at night to leave it again in the morning. The city had swallowed up humanity; man had entered upon a new stage in his development. First had come the nomad, the hunter, then had followed the agriculturalist of the agricultural state, where towns and cities and ports were but the headquarters and markets of the countryside. And now, logical consequence of an epoch of invention was this huge new aggregation of men. Save London, there were only two other cities in Britain—Edinburgh, Portsmouth, Manchester, and Shrewsbury. Such things as these, simple statements of fact though they were to contemporary men, strained Graham's imagination to picture. And when he glanced "over beyond there" at the strange things that existed on the Continent, it felled him altogether.

He had a vision of city beyond city, cities on great plains, cities beside great rivers, vast cities along the sea margin, cities girdled by snowy mountains. Over a great part of the earth the English tongue was spoken; taken together with its Spanish-American and Hindoo and Negro and Pigeon dialects, it was the everyday language of two-thirds of the people of the earth. On the Continent, save as remote and curious survivals, three other languages alone held sway—German which reached to Salonica and Constantinople, Spanish-English at Cadiz, a Gallicised Russian which had spread to Syria and met the Indian English at Ormuz, and French, still clear and brilliant, the language of lucidity, which ended the Mediterranean, and reached through a negro dialect to the Congo.

And everywhere now, through the city-set earth, even in the administered "black belt" territories of the tropics, the same cosmopolitan social organisation prevailed, and everywhere from Pole to Equator his property and his responsibilities were the same. The whole world was civilised; the whole world dwelt in the same whole world was property. Over the British Empire, throughout America his ownership was scarcely disguised, Congress and Parliament were usually regarded as antique, curious gatherings, and even in the two Empires of Russia and Germany, the same wealth was conceivably of enormous weight. The same problems—possibilities, but, uplifted as he was, Russia and Germany seemed sufficiently remote. And of the black belt administration, and of what that might be after the fashion of his former days, he thought not.

Out of the dim south-west, glittering and strange, as in some way terrible, shone those Pleasure Cities, the kinematograph-phonograph and the old man in the city of art and beauty, mercenary art and mercenary cities, wonderful cities of motion and music, whither the profited by the fierce, inglorious, economical struggle went on in the glaring labyrinth below.

Fierce he knew it was. How fierce he could not say, but the fact that these latter-day people referred back to the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyllic life, that he turned his eyes to the scene immediately before him, trying to conceive the big factories of that intricate machinery.

Northward he knew were the potters, makers not of ware and china, but of the kindred pastes and compounds of mineralogical chemistry had devised; there were the statuettes and wall ornaments and much intricate turnings too were the factories where feverishly competitive artists and their phonograph discourses and advertisements and groupings and developments for their perpetually starting kinematographic dramatic works. Thence too flashed the wide messages, the world-wide falsehoods of the news-chargers of the telephonic machines that had the newspapers of the past.

To the westward beyond the smashed Council House and to voluminous offices of municipal control and government, and to the eastward, towards the port, the trading quarters, the public markets, the theatres, houses of resort, betting shops of billiard saloons, baseball and football circuses, with



and Mahomedans, Buddhists, Gnostics, Spook Worshippers, and Furniture Worshippers, the Furniture Worshippers, and so on to the south again a vast manufacture of textiles, wines and condiments. And from point to point tore endless multitudes along the roaring mechanical ways. The hive, of which the winds were tireless servants, and the wind vane an appropriate crown and symbol.

The sight of the unprecedented population that had been sucked up like a sponge of halls and galleries—the thirty-three million—were playing out each its own brief ineffectual drama of life and the complacency that the brightness of the day and the splendour of the view, and above all the sense of his own power had begotten, dwindled and perished. Looking down from the height over the city it became at last possible to conceive the overwhelming multitude of thirty-three millions, the reality of which he would take upon himself, the vastness of the task before him. The memory of countless figures in pale blue canvas came before his mind. Millions of such men and women below him, he knew, had never been out of the city, had never seen beyond the little round of unintelligent grudging participation in the world's business, and unintelligent dissatisfied sharing of its lawless pleasures. He thought of the hopes of his vanished contemporaries, and for a moment the dream of London in Morris's quaint old *News from Nowhere*, and the perfect land of Hudson's beautiful *Crystal Age* appeared before him in an atmosphere of minute loss. He thought of his own hopes.

For in the latter days of that passionate life that lay now so far behind him, the conception of a free and equal manhood had become a very real thing to him. He had hoped, as indeed his age had hoped, rashly taking it for granted, that the sacrifice of the many to the few would some day cease, that a day was near when every child born of woman should have a fair and assured chance of happiness. And here, after two hundred years, the same hope, still unfulfilled, cried passionately through the city. After two hundred years, he knew, greater than ever, grown with the city to gigantic proportions, were poverty and hopeless labour and all the sorrows of his time.

(To be continued)

## Damming the Nile

THE last time that I saw Sir Benjamin Baker, the Chief Consulting Engineer of the great dam on the Nile (writes a correspondent), was just before he left for Egypt. He was going with Mr. John Aird, the head of the great firm of contractors which is building the dam. His rooms were piled with plans and diagrams of the work, drawings of the great culverts through which the Nile at flood time will rush at the rate of 15,000 tons of water a second, rough sketches of the approaches, with the great archway at the top of the dam through which a trio of omnibuses will be able to drive abreast, and designs for the Egyptian decoration of the abutments. The First Cataract by no means fulfils the general idea which one's mind has of a cataract. The Nile at this point is a mile wide, and at many points thirty feet deep; but it does not rush over rapids as one might imagine. On the contrary, how Nile it threads its way, at no great velocity, through an archipelago of rocky islands, mostly small and a few of them large. The graph of the First Cataract was as disillusioning a spectacle as I could well fancy. The only point of interest in it was a group of Egyptian lads on one of the rocky islets about to take a swim in the river.

It is on this foothold of rocky islet that the great dam, a mile in length and ninety feet high, is to stand. The foundations are the result of an examination, extending over four years, of every foot of the river can find. They are of quartz, syenite, and diorite, and Sir Benjamin's opinion the work will be able to proceed both in winter and summer, both at Low and at High Nile. How long it will take to build—this great work, of which the Duke of Devonshire laid the first stone on February 12, on the first day of the great feast of Bairam? Sir Benjamin Baker's answer was "about some months before that stone was laid, and when hardly the appliances for beginning upon it had reached Assouan. It will be remembered that the final assent of the Egyptian Government to the scheme was given nearly a year ago; almost, one might say, before Kitchener's advance to Khartoum had been definitely decided upon; and, therefore, a great many of Messrs. Baker's materials for the Arts of Peace had to be carried up to Assouan over a railway already clogged with the Sirdar's material of War. But, speaking when the dam was fairly under way, Sir Benjamin Baker opined that it would take two years.

"There are already some five thousand natives employed on the quarrying and cutting," he said; "they are the mere hewers of stone; and there are besides between five and six hundred European workmen and officials. A great many of them are Italians. But you must remember that the construction of the dam at the Cataract is only part of the work. Two barrages, or subsidiary dams, will have to be built lower down the river, one at Assiout and another at Cairo, about 250 miles apart. The great dam at the Cataract is the parent dam, which, conserving the waters of the floods, will supply these two during the dry season."

"Will you have to take up the materials, the stone, of which the dam is built, to the scene of operations?"

"The stone we find in the neighbourhood. It comes from the quarries of which it is believed that Philæ was built."

"And Philæ itself with its Temples—is that to be sacrificed to build the great dam?"

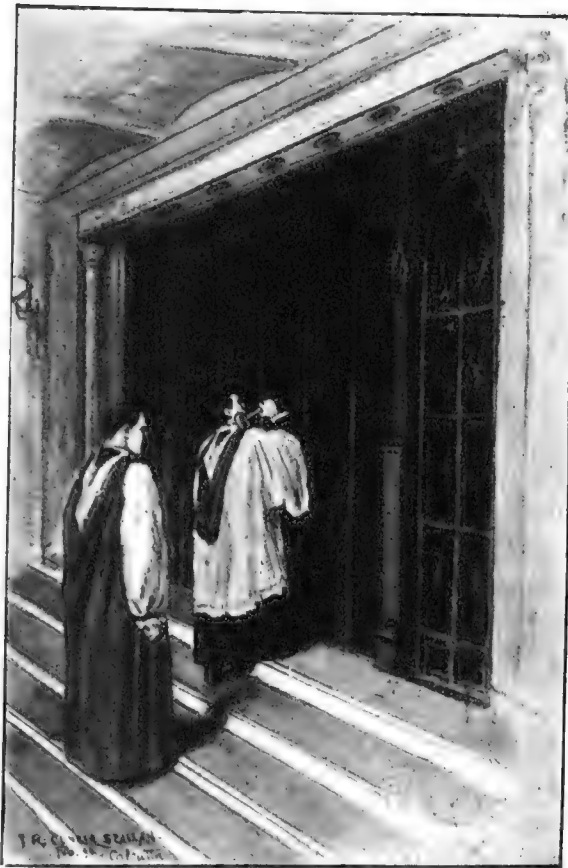
Sir Benjamin thought not. In the original plans the level of the top of the dam was such that part of the Temples on the island of Philæ would have been submerged; but the revised plans sunk the level of the dam, and therefore of the water which it holds up some eighteen feet; and this eighteen feet would be sufficient to preserve the Temples. Nay, more, for the engineer believed that the aspect of Philæ would be improved, for instead of lying low in a basin of the river between high banks, it will in future be an island floating almost solitary on the surface of a great lake.

"How big is the lake?"

"Strictly speaking, it will be a lake a mile wide, and sometimes wider, and 140 miles long, for the Nile will be affected to that extent of its length up-stream. But a better idea of its vastness from the engineers' point of view will be that it will hold up the water to the extent of 1,000,000,000 tons."

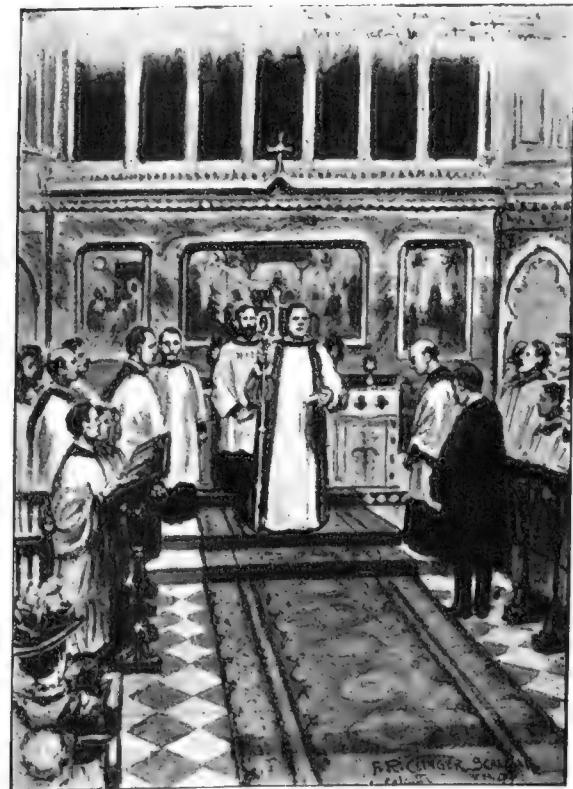
## The Enthronement of Bishop Welldon at Calcutta

DR. J. E. C. WELLDON, the new Bishop of Calcutta, was enthroned in St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, at the beginning of February. The customary demand for admittance to the Cathedral was made by the new Bishop, his Chaplain striking the door three times



THE CHAPLAIN KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

with a mallet. Dr. Welldon in the course of the service made the promise to maintain the rights, privileges, and liberties of the Church, and to rule his diocese with both charity and justice, ordered for bishops, the scene afforded by the Bishop in his scarlet Convocation robes, surrounded by white-robed choir and clergy, being very striking. The service concluded with an address from Bishop Welldon, who also pronounced the benediction.



THE BISHOP MAKING HIS PROMISE BEFORE TAKING HIS SEAT ON THE THRONE

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE severe weather we have recently experienced reminds me that the appliances for coaling the domestic grate are still in a very unsatisfactory condition. During the last century I should say no improvement has been made in the coal-scuttle. It remains as awkward, as unsatisfactory, and as unmanageable as it was a hundred years ago. After having nearly dislocated both arms with using it, you find you have either smothered a languishing fire with coal-dust, or you have heaved upon it an unwieldy lump which takes you a considerable period to reduce to burning proportions. It is bad enough if you conduct these operations yourself, but if a servant attempts it, it is absolutely maddening. I do not know anything more exasperating than a servant coming in "to do the fire." The shooting on of the coals, the sweeping up of the hearth, the tittivating of the bars is to me acute agony, especially if the performance is occasionally varied by clattering the fire-irons into the fender with a magnificent crash. Why cannot all these evils be avoided by having reasonably sized brown paper parcels of coals exactly the right size that might be stored in an ornamental cupboard beside the mantelpiece, and gently placed within the grate whenever requisite? This system, it strikes me, would be cleanly, expeditious, and easy to manipulate.

Nowadays most fairly educated persons can both write and draw, hence many seem to imagine there is a lucrative profession open to them either as an author or journalist, or a black-and-white artist. As a matter of fact they are entirely mistaken, and I am glad to find serious attention has recently been called to this, at least as far as artists are concerned, in a vigorous article in a recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. In the course of this I read:—"At every editor's door there are hundreds of these would-be artists seeking work that never can be theirs. A parent, then, who takes the responsibility of allowing his son to join the ranks of these unemployed commits something not less than a crime. It cannot be stated too strongly that the artistic profession, in this branch at least, is crowded to overflowing. The youth who puts his foot upon the ladder will inevitably find that it leads downwards to poverty and to worse." There is no doubt whatever about every word of this being true, and it applies equally well to literature and journalism. The fact is, education and the multiplication of art schools have produced an enormous number of fourth-rate writers and artists, and this number has been swelled by the entirely fictitious reports of the vast sums to be made in such callings. The consequence is the two professions are overcrowded by a number of men of inferior ability, for which it is impossible to find employment, and those who might have made an excellent living as clerks in a City office, now pick up a precarious existence in what they are pleased to call an independent profession.

Judging from various communications on the subject, I fancy that there are many people beside myself find the prospectuses of companies very difficult to understand. I have occasionally when in difficulties over such matters taken a prospectus to a friend who is an expert in unravelling these bewildering treatises, and whose knowledge of commercial matters and the mystery of the money market is unbounded. It has been both refreshing and instructive to listen to his clever dissection, and the way in which he demonstrates the strength or the weakness of particular points in the document. This kind of thing we want—at any rate those amongst us who are so ignorant as myself—done on an extended scale and published every week. Depend upon it, a journal called the *Prospectus Review and Companies Analyst*, if honestly done, would not only be a great boon to investors, but would prove to be a popular and paying publication.

The system of distinguishing the houses where celebrated people have lived by tablets affixed to the front of the mansion is an excellent one, and has been successfully carried out in London. But it seems to me to have its drawbacks. With the miserable metamorphosis that is now taking place in the metropolis many of the houses alluded to will disappear, and there will be nothing to remind us of the dwelling-places of the great people of the past. Would it not be better to have the inscription incised in the pavement in front of the house? Then, if the house is removed, the record remains. In any case it would be much easier for the pedestrian to read, for the tablets are often placed at such a height as to be difficult to read, except for the long-sighted. If the information were cut in bold letters in the pavement, and these letters inlaid with brass—which would always be kept bright by the constant passing to and fro of the public—we should have a permanent record of the celebrities of the past which would be in the highest degree interesting.

The more we see of the Strand since the new regulations the more we are convinced that it only requires the traffic to be thoroughly understood and controlled to make the passage of the whole of London easy and expeditious. It is pretty plain that future designs for endangering the safety of London by burrowing beneath its surface for the purpose of making underground communication may very well be abandoned for the next fifty years. When people can travel expeditiously and comfortably by daylight in the open air, they do not care about playing the part of human bullets and being shot from one place to another in a tube. The police have managed the new system most excellently, and they have only to carry their efforts a little further to make the London streets all that could be desired. One thing they should lose no time about, and that is to have fixed points where omnibuses should take up and put down passengers, and they should be allowed to stop nowhere else. Years ago I advocated this plan, and I also suggested that waiting-rooms should be established at various points where every information with regard to omnibuses could be obtained. Great improvement might be made in having the special colours of omnibuses more distinct, and the route of each more clearly defined on their exterior. People ought, after a while, on the colour of an omnibus being given, to be able to tell the streets it passes through from start to finish.





AN OVERLAPSED LITTLE OF THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM: THE RUSH TO SECURE GOOD PLACES  
DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG





FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR NOTT

people from the villages flock into the towns, the streets become blocked with thousands of camels, donkeys, and carts; children are arrayed in their gayest of yellow or bright blue, and the people give themselves up to three days of holiday-making. The street vendors of commodities in demand by the poorer classes do a roaring business. The amount of violent

gesticulation, shouting and bargaining that it seems to require to effect a transaction in which often the whole sum involved is less than half a piastre, or five farthings of our money, illustrates a phase of the tellahin character, which is most irritating to all who come in contact with it. As might be expected, the food stalls attract a goodly number of purchasers

NATIVE LIFE IN EGYPT: SCENE IN CAIRO ON THE FEAST OF BAIRAM

DRAWN BY THE LATE J. G. G. 1909

After the austere fast of Ramadan, that lasts for thirty days, during which time no true believer is allowed to eat, drink, or smoke from sunrise to sunset, comes a festival called Bairam by the Turks. The wealthier Mahomedans on the first day of the feast make presents to the servants and give food to the poor. The occasion is also celebrated as a general holiday, the



By "MARMADUKE"

There was once a well-known hostess—but to relate to the late Mr. Liddell—who was reputed mean. It was even said that few orchestras would perform at her entertainments as the lady made it provide supper for the musicians. One night they at her house, and all went well until the dance and most of the guests had arrived. At this sup-



musicians suddenly ceased playing, and packing up their instruments walked solemnly out of the room.

Several years ago it was suggested in this column that the Royal Botanic Society would much improve the prospects of that institution were it to erect a club house in the gardens. This suggestion has been attended to, and the new club has been erected. Already over three hundred of the Fellows of the Society have been elected members of the club, and it is proposed shortly to increase the amount of the subscription and to exact an entrance fee. The gardens of the Society are in an especially central position adjoining the Regent's Park, they are exquisitely laid out, and, though imbedded in the largest city in the world, so admirable is the situation that no house is to be seen and the roar of the road is completely excluded. A more ideal spot for a London club could not be conceived.

It is fully time that the neighbouring institution, the Royal Zoological Society, should move in the same direction. A club house in the Zoological Gardens would prove a great attraction, for many would delight to roam about the grounds after dinner, and their doing this could not disturb those animals who were not shut in for the night. Of course, all the houses would be closed. Some slight additional expense would have to be incurred in providing light in the grounds and in increasing the staff. This outlay, however, would be amply repaid by the increase of members of the Society which the departure would bring about, and by the profits which the club would earn.

## The Shire Horse Show Challenge Cup

A VERY handsome 15-carat gold challenge cup, of the value of 100 guineas, is presented by the Shire Horse Society for the best stallion exhibited. This cup, which is held by the winner for the year, and carries with it the Society's gold medal, was won this year by Buscot Harold, bay three-year-old; sire, Markheaton Royal Harold; dam, Aurea, by Thornton Premier; exhibited and bred by Mr. Alexander Henderson, M.P., of Buscot Park, Faringdon, Berks. The cup was presented to the winner in person by the



Prince of Wales on Wednesday last. Standing thirteen inches high, upon an ebonized base, the body of the cup is gracefully fluted, with the handles chased in the Renaissance style, the whole surmounted by a cover terminating in a chased and fluted knob. The cup was designed and modelled by Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield.



THE LATE PROF. RUTHERFORD  
of Edinburgh University



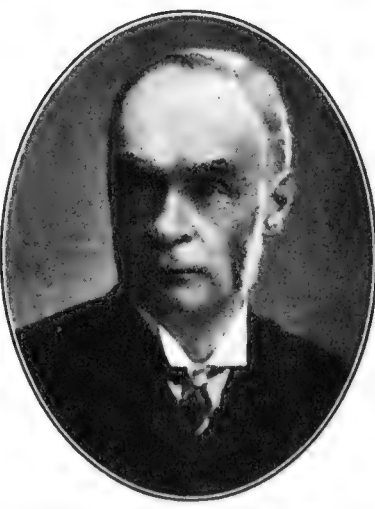
THE HON. SIR ROBERT ROMER  
New Lord Justice of Appeal



MR. W. H. HOLLAND  
New M.P. for Yorks (Rotherham Division)



THE LATE MR. HENRY JONES  
"Cavendish"



MR. H. H. COZENS-HARDY, Q.C., M.P.  
New Judge of the High Court



THE LATE BARON DE REUTER  
Founder of Reuter's Agency

## Our Portraits

THE new judicial appointments occasioned by the death of the late Lord Justice Chitty seem to have met with general approval. Mr. Justice Romer succeeds the late Lord Justice in the Court of Appeal, and the new Justice of the High Court is Mr. H. H. Cozens-Hardy, Q.C. The Hon. Sir Robert Romer, who is the son of the late Mr. Francis Romer, was born in 1840. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he had a brilliant career, being Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman in 1863, and was made a Fellow of the Hall in 1867. Lord Justice Romer was also by no means undistinguished as an athlete while at Cambridge. He rowed in the Trinity Hall first boat, and was in the cricket eleven. On leaving Cambridge he became private secretary to Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, and then was for a time Professor at Cork. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1867, and was in 1869 made Examiner in Civil Law at Cambridge, a post he occupied for about a year. In 1881 he was made a Q.C., and in November, 1897, was appointed one of the Justices of the High Court, Chancery Division, in the place of Sir E. E. Kay, who was created Lord Justice of Appeal. His promotion to the Court of Appeal has been well deserved, for he is said to be the best Chancery Judge since Jessel. His successor in the Chancery Court, Mr. Herbert Hardy Cozens-Hardy, Q.C., M.P., is a Liberal in politics. His promotion cannot, therefore, be attributed to party favour, but should be welcomed if only as a proof of the honesty of political parties in this country. Mr. Cozens-Hardy is the second son of the late Mr. William Cozens-Hardy, of Letheringsett Hall, Holt, Norfolk. He was born in 1838, and was educated at Amersham and at University College, London. He is a graduate of London University, having taken his B.A. in 1858, and LL.B. in 1863, at that University. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1862, and twenty years later was made a Q.C. He has sat in the House of Commons, as a Liberal, for the Northern Division of Norfolk since December, 1885.—Our portraits of Lord Justice Romer and of Mr. Justice Cozens-Hardy are by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

All lovers of the game of whist will have heard with regret of the death of Mr. Henry Jones, who was better known as "Cavendish," and was practically the maker of the game as it is played now. Mr. Jones was born in London in 1831, his father being a surgeon in the West End. He himself entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital and went into his father's profession for some twenty years, when he gave up medicine and took to writing. His first and still most famous work is one on the "Laws and Principles of Whist," by "Cavendish." He adopted this *nom de plume* from being a member of a whist club which had its quarters in Cavendish Square. He afterwards became a member of the Portland, the first club in London for whist. Mr. Jones was devoted to the study of the principles of games, and was one of the founders of the first influential croquet club, which was established at Wimbledon. He published treatises on the laws of picquet as adopted by the Portland Club, and on those of écarté as played at the Turf Club, a general treatise on round games, and a large series of small pocket guides of almost every card game.—Our portrait is by H. H. Hay Cameron, George Street.

The death of Baron de Reuter, has removed from among us a

man whose name had become a household word. Baron de Reuter created the most perfect system for the distribution of the world's news that was ever known. It is impossible to open any English paper without finding a certain number of Reuter's telegrams. Indeed, we are mainly dependent upon that source for our information on foreign affairs. Baron de Reuter was born in Hesse Cassel in 1816. At an early age he made the acquaintance of the famous telegraphic experimentalist, Professor Ganos, and devoted most of his leisure time to the study of telegraphy. When the telegraph line between Berlin and Aix-la-Chapelle was opened Baron de Reuter conceived the idea of transmitting news by telegraph. The business grew steadily, until in 1849 Baron de Reuter established an office in Paris. Two years later, after the Calais-Dover cable had been laid, he transferred his business to London, where it has increased year by year until it has representatives in every important city in the world. This business was turned into a company in 1865, but Baron de Reuter managed it until 1878. The title of Baron was conferred upon him by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Professor William Rutherford, F.R.C.S., who died last week, had occupied the Physiology Chair in the University of Edinburgh since 1874. He was born in 1839, and was educated at Jedburgh Grammar School and at Edinburgh University, where he graduated with honours in 1863, obtaining a gold medal for his thesis. In

1865 he was appointed an assistant to the late Professor Bennett, his predecessor in the Physiology Chair at his University. In 1869, when only thirty years of age, he was appointed Professor of Physiology in King's College, London, a post which he filled for five years, during three of which he was also Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution. His reputation as a teacher and lecturer was high, and his appointment to succeed Professor Bennett was well deserved. He was author of several works on scientific subjects.—Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The election in the Rotherham Division of West Yorkshire, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. A. H. Dyke Acland (Liberal), has resulted in the return of Mr. W. H. Holland, the Liberal candidate, who polled 6,671 votes against 4,714 given to his opponent, Mr. R. H. V. Wragge. The latter made a plucky fight for the seat, and reduced the majority considerably. Mr. Dyke Acland was returned unopposed in 1895. His majority in 1892 was 3,728, and Mr. Holland's was 1,957. Mr. W. H. Holland, the new member, is the son of Mr. William Holland, J.P., and was born in 1849. He is a cotton spinner, and is an Alderman of Manchester, and a director of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. He is not new to the House of Commons, having represented Salford from 1892 to 1895, when he was defeated by Mr. F. Platt Higgins by six votes.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

## The Winner of the Waterloo Cup

The great coursing meeting at Aitcar this year has been a great success. The Waterloo Cup was won by Mr. E. Rogers's Black



"BLACK FURY"

Fury, whose victory was thoroughly deserved. Last year he was beaten in the second round, and although he was successful this year at Sleaford, when he won the Bristol Stakes, he was scarcely looked upon as a likely winner of the Waterloo Cup. He was trained by Mr. Frank Hall.—Our photograph is by the Standard Photo Company, Strand.





King Carnival has gone through the usual routine of his stay in Nice. Through the weather, his regation promenades throughout the town have been most successful. Towns-people and visitors alike have rigged themselves up in bonfires, masks, and fireworks. For lecture, the king was burnt in effigy, looking rather life-like as he flackened, and a band of 600 gave way. The "Région des Flambeaux" has been the first to give up the burning effigy, through the streets of Nice, leaving for the day and accompanied by the bands.

THE CLOSE OF THE CARNIVAL AT NICE: THE TORCHLIGHT MARCH PAST DURING THE BURNING OF KING CARNIVAL XXVII. IN EFFIGY

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER



## The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

### "THE ALCHEMIST" OF BEN JONSON

IN the note to the playbill of *The Alchemist*, as given in the Hall of the Apothecaries' Company, at Blackfriars, last week, the enthusiasts of the Elizabethan Stage Society had been careful to forewarn their guests that Ben Jonson's once famous comedy is, as an acting play at least, not for all markets. "To be a thoroughly appreciative admirer of Ben Jonson," says this document, "one should be at once steeped in the classics and well versed in the plays and ephemeral pamphlets of the Jacobean age." How far the audience fulfilled these conditions I am not able to say; but there was certainly a small minority who were willing to incur the suspicion of not being steeped in the classics, or well versed in the dramatists and pamphleteers of the Jacobean period, by taking their departure some time before Face's little epilogue brought this "two hours' traffic of the stage" to a close. In justice to these it must be candidly admitted that *The Alchemist* strikes a modern audience as crude in conception and somewhat tedious, not to say puerile, in its humours; nor is it given to ordinary mortals to discern the vigorous dramatic portraiture which critics more happily endowed have discovered in Subtle, Dol Common, Sir Epicure Mammon, and Tribulation Wholesome. The comedy is founded on the *Mostellaria* of Plautus; but the satire upon the impostors who profess to practice alchemy and their credulous dupes, which furnishes the substance of the English play, is, of course, of Jonson's invention. Like *Volpone*, which it resembles in plan and method, it enjoyed great favour in its day; but so did many pieces which the world has nevertheless very willingly "let die." Its renewed popularity at a later period appears to have been due mainly to the genius of Garrick, who endowed the otherwise slight part of Abel Drugger, the "tobacco man," with a humorous individuality, the tradition of which extended to the days of Edmund Kean, who won the favour of Hazlitt in this character. The praises lavished by Sir Richard Steele, Coleridge and other critics on this play are, however, certainly excessive, as even Mr. Poel and his associates are fain to confess. "Recondite erudition" is not, as a rule, good material for the stage; and the prodigious knowledge of the jargon of the alchemists which the play exhibits, and which has been greatly extolled by some commentators, is only creditable to the dramatist's diligent exploration of the voluminous literature of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life. The poet of *Underwoods* and the *Masques* will live in the hearts of lovers of poetry as long as English literature exists; but the truth is that in spite of the immortal Bobadil, it is not without good reason that Jonson's plays have been allowed to pass into the category of the unacted drama. I must not omit to acknowledge the care with which the company of the Elizabethan Stage Society had studied their parts. The performance, indeed, was in general force and spirit very much above the amateur standard, though the gentleman who played Abel Drugger, quaintly humorous though he was, hardly enabled us to understand how this part could have been regarded as worthy of the most distinguished actors of their day. It was a happy thought to give on the back of the programme extracts from Mr. Wheatley's "London," which remind us of the many interesting associations with the Elizabethan and Jacobean drama which clung to the precincts of Blackfriars within which this performance took place. I need hardly add that the Society maintains its custom of wearing costumes of the period, while rigorously eschewing curtains and changes of scene; though I am afraid that thorough-going disciples, with a suspicious turn of mind, might discern tokens of backsliding in the electric footlights.

### "A REPENTANCE"

The most conspicuous fault of Mrs. Craigie's little play at the St. James's Theatre is that it attempts the impossible feat of setting forth a long and complex story within the compass of a single act. With more ample space and better opportunities at command the accomplished author of *The Ambassador* might possibly have made it clear to her audience how it was that her hero, the Count des Escas, had been taken by his pious and devoted Countess for a brave and loyal soldier when, in fact, he was a mean and pitiful rascal, ready at a moment's notice to save his own life by going over to the cause of Queen Christina—the scene is laid in Bilbao during the Civil War of 1835—and fighting against his former comrades. In like manner, when, after being for two long years mourned as dead, he suddenly returns in the disguise of a mendicant friar, cynically avows his cowardly treachery, and openly mocks at his wife's belief in his honour, it would, perhaps, if time had served, have been possible to bring home to the spectator the mental processes which finally lead the Countess to offer her own life as the price of rescuing her worthless husband from the vengeance of his former associates. But the condensation which Mrs. Craigie has voluntarily imposed upon herself has rendered these elucidations impossible. Not less is a little light needed to make plausible the sudden return of this vacillating personage to his old allegiance under the influences of a newly awakened admiration for his Countess's self-sacrifice, and his sublime determination to die by way of expiating his offences. These matters involve what, in the critical cant of the day, are called psychological problems; but problems, psychological or otherwise, require to be worked out, whereas in this little play they are simply left for the spectator to make what he can of them. The appearance of Mr. George Alexander, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Miss Julie Opp in this short introductory piece, and the overture and incidental music provided for it by Sir Hubert Parry, who conducted in the orchestra, gave dignity to the occasion, and the author received a cordial welcome. It might have fared otherwise with a less popular personage.

Poor Miss Sarah Thorne, to whose benefit and the great interest that it awakened among her professional comrades we referred last week, has not lived to witness the projected demonstration of sympathy. She died at her residence, in Chatham, on Monday last.

## Sketches at Muscat

LAST week we published a map showing the situation of Muscat, which has been brought into prominent notice lately by the threat of Admiral Douglas to bombard the town if the Sultan of Oman did not cancel his concession of a coaling station to the French. Our illustrations of Muscat and its inhabitants are from photographs brought to us by a correspondent who has recently visited the district in question. He writes:—

"Quite a feature of native life in Muscat is the story-teller—not of the American type. This more or less shady customer is a roving spirit who travels from town to town narrating to the frequenters of the coffee-house the most complicated yarns of love intrigues and harem plots. As soon as the listeners become interested, the speaker pauses and the brass bowl is passed round. As long as the contributions flow in freely the story is continued until, by frequent calls on the purse of the natives, it becomes evident that all the pieces have been collected; then the story is brought to a close, and the villain of the piece gets his deserts much to the satisfaction of the crowd.

These professional story-tellers have several ways of getting money, and adopt the same plans of the Dervishes in Persia. They play the part of astrologers or of holy men. They enter into public discussions with other men of the same calling. The winner of the debate nominally takes the money collected, but as a rule the two are in league and share the plunder.

At the entrance of the harbour is a small flat rock, which rises only



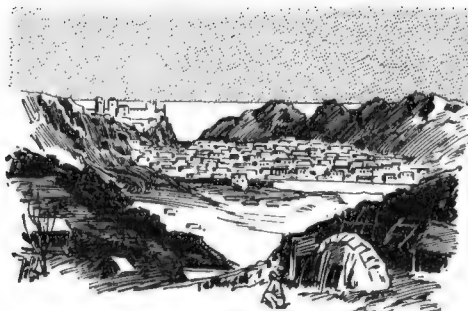
A Native Woman



Zanzibaris rescued from a Slave Galley by H.M.S. "Redbreast"



The Entrance to the Harbour



View of the Town, looking Seawards

a few feet from the water level. This used to be the execution ground of the district. The condemned were placed in chains,



A Story-teller

and left without clothes, food and water, just beyond the reach of the sea, to die of privation, and of the effects of the sun,



The East Fort

which shines in a cloudless sky and with tremendous vigour. It is said that no prisoner ever survived a second day's exposure.

The Sultan of Muscat has among his subjects a varied collection of all creeds—Mahomedans (both Sheeah and Sunnies), Hindoos, fire worshippers, Jews and Armenians, and in spite of this fact good order is maintained.

The slave trade is in decadence, but even now our gunboats, used for patrolling purposes, occasionally capture slave galleys, and rescue the Zanzibaris, who are taken to Muscat and set at liberty.

The British Consul has a bodyguard of Indian troops, and on the whole the consulate has a better appearance than has the Sultan's palace. Muscat has three consulates, the British, the French, and the American. The chief British authority is the Resident at Bushire. Muscat has no direct telegraphic communication with India, and Jask (in Beluchistan) is the nearest station on the Indian European line.

## Lectures to Prisoners

MISS HONNOR MORTEN AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS.

"WHICH of us will not admire Lycurgus, the Lacedaemonian? For having lost an eye at the hands of one of the citizens, and having received the young man from the people that he should punish him as he would, he refrained from this; but having taught him and proved him to be a good man, he brought him into the theatre. And when the Lacedaemonians marvelled, 'I received this man from you,' he said, 'insolent and violent; I give him back to you mild and civil.'"

There is a growing feeling in England that our prisons should be made rather reformatory than punitive; it is very easy to punish a person; it is very difficult to reform them; and that which is good is difficult.

In America the fact that ignorance and crime are closely allied has led to the establishment of the Elmira Reformatory, and other institutions on similar lines. Much of the prisoner's time is given to educational work, and those who have "indeterminate" sentences are not let out till they have reached a certain standard; they have, in fact, to work their way out.

The Special Prison Commission of a few years ago strongly advocated lectures for prisoners, and last summer a beginning was made at Wormwood Scrubs with a course of Health lectures to women under short sentence. The lecturer chosen had had wide experience in nursing and lecturing, and was well acquainted with London slums, and the difficulties of those that dwell therein. The idea was that she was not only to teach the value of fresh air and the art of poultice-making, but that by a constant recital of kind deeds she was to instil into her audience humane thoughts and friendly feelings. The class proved depressingly dense; they were nearly all elderly and old in crime. But anything was better to them than the monotony of their cells and the wickedness of their own thoughts. As time went on they visibly brightened and tried to remember from lecture to lecture all they were told. They made a mental effort, and that was a great gain.

When the course of lectures was over a hitch occurred: the lecturer desired to be paid, and the Prison Commissioners had no available funds with which to pay. It became evident that any attempt to elevate and educate the prison class was impossible until an item could be inserted into the estimates to meet the necessary expenses. Whether that item will be in the estimates presented this Session it remains to be seen; Sir Matthew White Ridley has had his attention called to the matter privately, and Mr. Ruggles Brise, C.B., who is Chairman of the Prison Commission, is noted for his advocacy of advanced and humane methods. Red tape may, however, make it years before these needed funds are forthcoming. But those interested were not to be put off for years; they appealed to the National Health Society to provide the funds for the present, and the society promptly assented, and a second course of lectures commenced at the Scrubs.

This time "Star" women, or first offenders, were chosen, and showed a remarkable advance in intelligence on the old offenders' class. From the first lecture they displayed a keen interest and a power of putting two and two together. It was possible to write up simple phrases on the black-board, for most of them could read a little, and their bandaging and poultice-making became almost professional in its neatness. The lesson took three divisions; the first ten minutes was devoted to questions, and the eager replies showed that memory was used all the week on the subject in hand. Then followed thirty minutes of quiet lecturing and keen listening and watching—for there were black-board illustrations, diagrams, models and examples to appeal to the hands and eyes of the audience, as well as words for their ears. All the senses were trained to clearer perception every effort was made to arouse, every effort to teach the value of trying. The last twenty minutes was given up to practical work, when the audience came forward and made poultices or changed sheets, applied bandages or wrung out fomentations. Obviously, if there is to be any teaching of criminals it ought to be on these lines—appealing not only to the mind, but to the senses and the heart. The indirect moral lessons so given are more likely to be remembered than the mere academic phrases of a sermon. You may tell a woman to love her neighbour and nothing may come of it; but put it in her power to render her neighbour a service—such as helping with a sick child—and it is ten to one the woman will eagerly do what she can.

But with a prison population of 150,000 a year, a course of lectures to twenty women is a drop in the ocean. What is wanted is systematic courses for men and women on different subjects by chosen and properly appointed lecturers. The Prison Commissioners should bring forward at an early date a complete and comprehensive scheme. Then they would have something new to tell to the Prison Congress which meets at Brussels next year. It is surely no coincidence which makes "Whitaker" give in parallel





MATAAFA  
The Rebel King



MALIETOA TANU  
The legally elected King



TAMASESE  
The legally elected Vice-King



LIEUTENANT GAUNT, R.N.  
who assisted in the rescue of Malietoa and  
his adherents

... the number of criminal convictions and the number of ... inspected, so that we see the connection between ignorance and crime at a glance:—

Year.	Criminal convictions.	Schools inspected.
1874 ... ..	13,740 ... ..	15,671
1884 ... ..	13,211 ... ..	21,892
1894 ... ..	11,571 ... ..	22,763

Truly that judge was right who, whenever he saw a new school building, remarked, "There is a prison being demolished." The criminal statistics for 1897 have just been issued from the Home Office, and the following quotation shows that it is prisons that make prisoners:—"Of the convicted prisoners, 85,890 had been convicted before, as against 64,052 not known to have been previously convicted, and 35,199 had been convicted more than five times; 1,695 had been previously under sentences of penal servitude. It is a fact that has to be faced, that neither penal servitude nor imprisonment serves to deter the habitual offender from reverting to crime, and it is the habitual offenders who form the bulk of the prison population."

And so it must ever be until we awake to the fact that it is our duty to reform and enlighten the criminal and not to shut him up with his own thoughts and brand him with a shame from which he can never again get free. It might even be possible to send all first

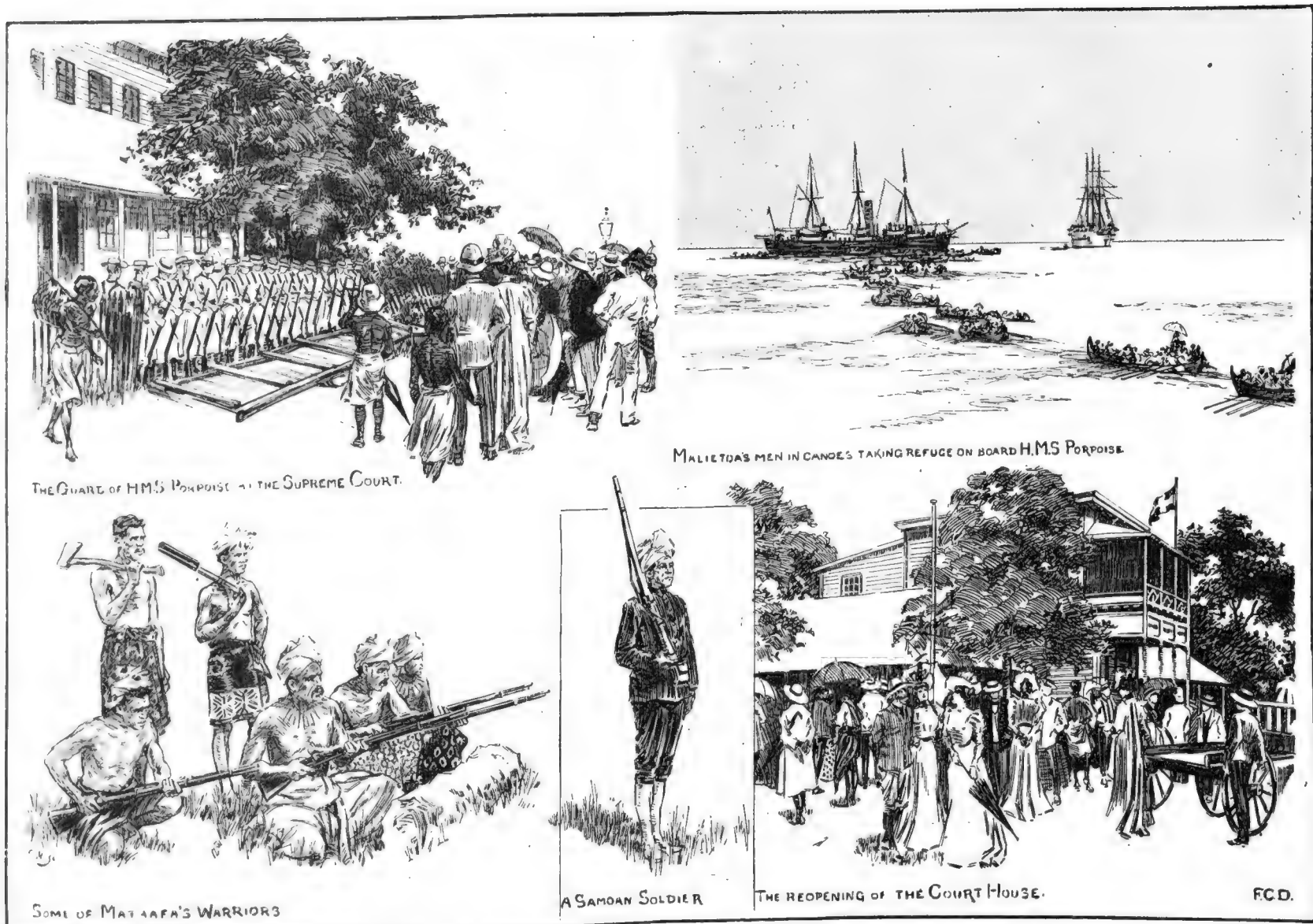
offenders to a "school for adults," and so save them the prison mark and give them a chance to retrieve.

### The Crisis in Samoa

To understand the situation in Samoa, it is necessary to recall briefly the events that have occurred since the death of King Malietoa, when two rivals appeared for the throne. One of these was Mataafa, who will be remembered as the victor in the sanguinary encounter between Samoans and German marines in December, 1888, and who was, with most of his followers, banished to the Marshall Islands in 1893 for rebellion against the late King. The other candidate was Malietoa Tanu, son of the late King. In September last he was permitted to return to Samoa. On December 31 the Chief Justice of the island declared Malietoa Tanu to be the legally elected King, Tamasese to be vice-King, and Mataafa to be disqualified. The British, German, and American Consuls met in conference with the captains of the British cruiser *Porpoise* and the German cruiser *Falke*, when the German Consul refused to recognize Malietoa and to co-operate in the dispersal of supporters of Mataafa. The natives thereupon assembled in large numbers at Mulunu, and surrounded Malietoa and Tamasese. The British and American Consuls endeavoured to avert hostilities, which, however, began on January 1.

Malietoa and Tamasese fought bravely, but they were defeated and took refuge on board H.M.S. *Porpoise*, on board which the Chief Justice and his family had also betaken themselves for safety. The British and American Consuls refused to recognise Mataafa and his chiefs. Their followers had in the meantime looted and burned a number of houses in Apia, that which belonged to the late Robert Louis Stevenson being among them. A force of bluejackets was landed from the *Porpoise*, and the Chief Justice, protected by a guard, again took his seat in the Supreme Court. Mr. Chambers, the Chief Justice, who is an American, has written a long letter, which has been published in New York, giving the clearest statement yet made about the troubles in Samoa. He says plainly that Mataafa won through violence, treachery, German arms and German leadership.

Lieutenant Gaunt, R.N., whose portrait we give, was in charge of the landing party from H.M.S. *Porpoise*. He has been presented by the young King Malietoa on board H.M.S. *Porpoise* with the late King's sword as a reward for his gallantry in protecting the King during his escape to the British man-of-war. Chief Justice Chambers made the presentation speech, eulogising the acts of Lieutenant Gaunt, who has throughout the revolution behaved in a most courageous manner, both he and his men remaining cool, though twice surrounded by rebels and in the midst of heavy firing.—Our portrait of Lieutenant Gaunt, R.N., is by the London Stereoscopic Company.



THE CIVIL WAR IN SAMOA: THE RIVAL KINGS AND THEIR SUPPORTERS



## "The Eighteenth Century"

"LE DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE," published by Messrs. Hachette and Company, is a brilliant example of a class of book that of late years has become extremely popular in France. It is not, the preface tells us, a history, but a picture of society, not certainly of the most staid, but the most elegant, the most brilliant, the most human, and the most open to the delicate seductions of the arts and letters. Mérimée said that it was only by anecdotes that you could get a true picture of the customs and characters of a particular period, and it is for those of the same opinion that this book is written.



THE DAUPHIN, ELDEST SON OF LOUIS XVI.  
(From the Pastel by La Tour, in the Louvre Museum)  
"Le Dix-huitième Siècle." (Hachette and Co.)

The volume is illustrated throughout with the most delicate prints from pictures of the time. Watteau, Nattier, Fragonard, La Tour, and many others are represented.

One can imagine the condition of a Court the head of which (Louis XV.), on being told of the straits that the country was in, and how the situation menaced the Crown, replied to the effect that it did not matter, as the Monarchy would last his time. Both when Louis XV. came to the throne, and when he gained his majority, he was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the Parisians, and when some years later he became ill, France went half mad with grief. But when the King died of smallpox, and his body was hurried through the Bois de Boulogne at midnight, on its way to Saint Denis, the only cries that were heard were cries of "Taïout! Taïout!" as if the crowd had just seen a stag and were imitating the ridiculous tone in which the King used to call when he was hunting.

A century which produced such men as Voltaire, Rousseau and Montesquieu, such women as Mesdames Pompadour, Du Barry and Maintenon, and such a Queen as Marie Antoinette, must necessarily be rich in anecdotes, and the editor of the volume, whose name, by-the-by, is not mentioned, is to be congratulated upon the varied selection he has made.

The etiquette of the Court was so strict that it was almost more than Marie Antoinette, coming straight from the more easy-going Court of Vienna, could stand. For instance, Madame Campan says that dressing the Queen was a *chef-d'œuvre* of etiquette. There was a maid of honour, a lady-in-waiting, and a first and second lady to dress her. Each of these had different duties. The lady-in-waiting managed the Queen's petticoat, the maid of honour poured out the water for Her Majesty to wash her hands. On one occasion, in the middle of winter, the Queen was waiting to be dressed, the lady-in-waiting had just handed a garment to the maid of honour, who was about to put it on the Queen, when there came a knock at the door, and in walked a Princess of the blood. As the Princess had entered the room before the Queen had got into her garment, it was necessary that she should place it over the Queen's head. To allow of this being done, the maid of honour handed it back to the lady-in-waiting, who in turn handed it to the Princess. Just at this moment came another knock at the door, and in walked a Princess of higher rank, and the whole arrangement

had to be gone through again. The same thing happened a third time, and by the time the Queen was clothed she was nearly perished with cold. Another thing that was particularly obnoxious to Marie Antoinette (that is to say when she was Dauphiness, for she put a stop to it when she became Queen), was the dining in public. Anyone respectfully dressed was allowed in the palace during dinner time, and visitors to Paris from the provinces were always delighted to see the King eat his soup, or the Princess her dessert, and looked upon it as one of the sights of Paris. Perhaps the most interesting part of this book is that entitled "Les Salons." Every lady who had any title to be called a "Grande Dame" held a salon, and all the wits, artists, actors and writers were more or less under their patronage. Many were the *bon-mots* and amusing stories bandied about in the drawing-rooms of these great ladies. *Mariages de convenance* were the order of the day, and we are told that domestic felicity was jeered at and looked upon as a subject for ridicule.

The author tells us an amusing story of Madame Forcalquier, who received a box on the ear from her husband. She was rather pleased than grieved, as she counted on getting a separation. Her case, however, was not successful, so she went straight to her husband, and, giving him a tremendous blow on the face, said, "There, sir, is your blow back again; I can't make any use of it."

Besides the illustrations already mentioned, the volume contains many engravings of the furniture for which this period is so celebrated, including some examples from the Jones Collection at South Kensington.

## Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift

THE letters of Jonathan Swift, now re-published from the *Atlantic Monthly*, are the correspondence with Knightley Chetwode during the seventeen years, 1714-1731, which followed Swift's appointment to the Deanery of St. Patrick's. Of the late representative of the Chetwode family, says John Forster, who was familiar with the correspondence, and would have made abundant use of it had he lived to complete more than the first volume of his "Life of Jonathan Swift," it may be said that "his rare talents and taste suffered from his delicate health and fastidious temperament, but in my life I have seen few things more delightful than his pride in the connection of his race and name with the companionship of Swift. Such was the jealous care with which he preserved the letters, treasuring them as an heirloom of honour, that he would never allow them to be removed from his family seat; and when with his own hand he had made careful transcript of them for me, I had to visit him at Woodbrooke to collate his copy with the originals. Then I walked with him through avenues of trees which Swift was said to have planted." The letters begin two months after Queen Anne's death, when Swift was bitter and disappointed at the downfall of his ambitions. They carry on the story of his life to the time when he once more flourished in popularity, if of a different order, and reveal, too, the rapid growth of the terrible malady which darkened his life. The letters, at first frequent, grow to being parted by longer intervals, and at the last the correspondence ends in a blaze of anger, and in one of those quarrels which are the hardest to heal of all quarrels—a quarrel in which the aggrieved parties commit their grievances to paper. To turn now to the letters. They are admirable reading, for Swift's place among the few brilliant letter writers has ever been an honoured one. But apart from their literary value, they contain such shrewd little touches as this, wherein, writing to a London merchant [from Ireland, that

obscure and enslaved country, rather than live in which he could live among the Hottentots, "if it were in my power," he says, "Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and I believe there are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by any means than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000 for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland; the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable goods that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of its value."



MARIE ANTOINETTE, BY KUCHARSKI  
(From the Collection of the Duc de Cars)  
"Le Dix-huitième Siècle." (Hachette and Co.)

Elsewhere they are full of revelations of the man who once wrote to the Pope: "I have ever hated all nations, professions and communities; and all my love is towards individuals. . . . But principally I hate and detest that animal called man; although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas and so forth." And who on another occasion and to another friend wailed: "You think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world; and so I would, if I could get into a better, before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Swift used to leave the profits of his writings to the booksellers, and declared once that he never got a farthing for anything he wrote except in one instance (Gulliver), and that through Pope's intervention. "As to Captain Gulliver," he writes to Chetwode in one of his most characteristic moods:—

I find his book is very much censured in the Kingdom, which about is in excellent luck. I hear that I have made a book-elf out of it, and think it hath been mangled in the press. I think it doth not seem of a piece, but I am sure when I am in England. I am glad to see a new Taste of your Improvements and I should more desire than some spot in it. I could spend the rest of my life in improving it. I shall live and die friendless and a pauper; and yet I have Spirit and I shall clutter about my little garden, where I have the finest Paradise Stocks for my use. But I grow so old that I despond, and I will not care except ease and solitude to keep my Health. I can send you a new book, I never read any, nor suffer any person to read. I am sure whatever it is it cannot please the Archbishop of Dublin is just recovered and been despaired of, and by that means pointed some hopes.

One of the most interesting letters is unfortunately too long for much quotation, but which widened, if it did not act, about, the rift between the corners. It is not a letter calculated to please, full of the most excellent sense and advice to a man whose "scheme of conversing, and living," says Swift, in every point diametrically from what you would be glad to be thought of, and yet there is not a grain of flattery in you, for you are pleased that should know you have been acquainted with persons of great names and titles, you confess that you take it for an honour which a proud man never does believe." He concludes by recommending to him to fulfil his destiny, which was "a private gentleman," and to get himself with "country business" and "acquaintance." All the strictures have been true, but truth is a severe friend. "Unpublished Letters of Dean Swift." Edited by George Hill, D.C.L., LL.D. T. Fisher



THE YOUNG KING LOUIS XV. ENTERING PARIS  
(Bibliothèque Nationale)  
From "Le Dix-huitième Siècle." (Hachette and Co.)





MISS HONNOR MORTEN'S LECTURES TO WOMEN CONVICTS: AN AMBULANCE CLASS OF FIRST OFFENDERS

AN EFFORT AT PRISON REFORM

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

H.M.P.



## "Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

"THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught were present at a review and afterwards breakfasted with the Sirdar at Omdurman." Such is the piece of news one may have read lately in the daily papers. It is only the improbable that ever happens. Some years ago, who would have thought it likely that in the distant spot whence Gordon prayed in vain for help from England, a Royal Duke and Duchess could breakfast quietly, surrounded by the comforts of civilisation? One is glad that a lady, and so intelligent a one as the Duchess of Connaught, should have been among the first to visit scenes, recently stained by bloodshed and savagery, now restored to peace and security. It must have proved an object-lesson indeed for the natives, when they gazed on the daughter of the Queen of England, calmly treading ground wrested from a fanatical and iniquitous system of tyranny, but which they had believed invincible. Recent accounts of the revival of agriculture along the Nile, and the increased confidence of the people, show plainly the blessings of English rule, and must have proved infinitely satisfactory to the Duchess on her interesting pilgrimage.

An intelligent Frenchman has been giving an account of impressions of University life. One item struck him specially, the apparent paucity of feminine power. He says, "They—the undergraduates—never think that the mother, the sister, and, later on, the beloved wife, are called upon to exercise a deep and mysterious influence on their lives. The family has little effect on the formation of character, and in the family the mother has less influence than anybody." Or, again, "How is it, I ask, that the English have not our family life, with its profound bonds of union and its lofty conception of the mother?" If this were true it would be deplorable. The average young Englishman is, perhaps, unnecessarily reticent about his demonstrations of affection; perhaps of late years somewhat too indifferent and heedless of the feelings and happiness of his parents. His manner towards them has grown brusquer and less respectful, and reverence for age has somewhat diminished, yet at bottom the average Englishman has an inherent love for home and for the old people. Then the opinions and wishes of mother are, perhaps, not considered quite so much as in France, where the bearded Frenchman's vapourings about his mother verge on the ludicrous, for the schoolboy leaves home at such an early age that he falls under other influences before he has attained the age of criticism.

But even the acute Frenchman recognises the value of the laws of honour and moral conduct, inculcated in school life, which make those who abide by them incapable of deeds of meanness and dishonour. The undergraduate loves the society of women, for, indeed, as the Frenchman carefully noted, "amidst these beautiful scenes in the gardens, where one heard nothing but the distant music of the violins, and the whispered conversations, young people exchanged the 'yes' which with us is too often said in the presence of a 'lawyer.'" Commemoration time at Oxford holds the same joys for the girls, the sisters and the mothers, as it does for the young men. Who that has watched the keen looks of delight, the fond glances of the lad's own people, as he rows his boat to victory or scores well at cricket, can doubt the influence of home life, the pride of relationship, the perfect sympathy that prevails between mothers and sons, and their interest in the boy's prowess and success?

A decision, very important to housekeepers, was promulgated recently by Judge Addison at the Southwark County Court. Every woman knows that dismissal in lieu of notice entitles a domestic to a month's wages, but few of us hitherto realised that the same law

applies to servants, and that the maid who throws up her place in a fit of temper, or hurriedly departs when she is offended, is liable to heavy damages for the inconvenience she causes her mistress.

This fact may cause servants to pause in their career of impertinence and heedlessness. Many modern servants care not how much they put out the family, and yet on the eve of a wedding, or at a moment of illness, how is it possible suddenly to replace, even an inefficient servant, much less a well-trained one? I have known servants who left suddenly just after receiving valuable Christmas presents, and at the instant company was expected, and, therefore, a little extra work, and others who in consequence of a harsh word said to them, have packed up their

Queen, resting in her bower, was informed of the rising of the tide, and its approach on Versailles. Everything at the Trianon is so queenlike in its very refined simplicity. To smarten up these long-abandoned haunts, sacred to historic recollections, for the sake of pleasing vulgar American and English tourists, is an act of Van Dylism against which every cultured person should protest.

## The Rembrandt Exhibition at the British Museum

AN incomparable display unsurpassably arranged—such

the verdict on the superb exhibition which, the result of six years' labour, has been brought to the great hall attached to the Print Room of the British Museum. The exhibition consists of three sections—etchings, drawings, and the work of Rembrandt in oil. The temporaries and scholars, but those who visit it in a frame of mind may find the whole subject with facilities such as have never been set before the world. In the third and last section, the gloriously possible by the whole Sheepshanks' collection, we have the wonderful series of Rembrandt's own preliminary etchings, the magnificent set of Christ and others—not less things of more than of extreme rarity. Add to all this that Mr. Henry Colvin has prepared a catalogue which is the very model of what such a thing should be—scholarly, popular, and admirably to the purpose. We have a completed undertaking which should crowd the Rembrandt Gallery for the next two years.

The most important division of the exhibition—more important even than the eighty-four examples that comprise the British Museum drawings of the master—is that which includes the etchings. Here we have, ranged round the room and in table cases, the whole of Rembrandt's work delightfully represented in absolute chronological order. Here may comfortably be seen impressions of every plate, from Rembrandt's first copy of his mother (1628) to "The Woman with the Arrow" (which belongs, I suppose, to 1661). The visitor may thus follow step by step, in greatest detail, the development of the greatest etcher the world has ever seen, tracing his development in technique, in mind, and in greatness, and the connoisseur will be charmed by the taste and care which put before him the various "states" of each plate—states numbering in two instances as many as six ("Christ Crucified between the Two Thieves," and "Christ Presented to the People"). If I cannot decide the points—indeed, they are destined never to be decided—he can at least intelligently appreciate the various contentions of connoisseurs upon debated points, and while weighing the accepted opinions of Bartsch, for example, the contrary doctrines of Sir Seymour Chantrey and Mr. Middleton. He will learn how Mr. Colvin puts the latest opinions of the school, and learn what etchings, even rejected as imitations by Bartsch, were accepted as the genuine work of Rembrandt. He will assuredly make a great halt before the four "states" of "Christ Healed the Sick"—the Hundred-dollar print. He will easily realise the standards before the crown of the most precious of the artist's work.

master of the needle; and he will, perhaps, be hardly less by the fact that these of the "first impression" are two nine impressions known, the value of them being to be by thousands of pounds.

There are ninety drawings exhibited; of etching, attributed to Rembrandt, 297; and of the work of etching under his influence, 523; and practical enlightenment in art is provided for the public in the collection of plates in various stages of execution, from the smoked sketch to the final impression, with all necessary implements—the whole a complete demonstration of the art and mystery of the dry-point.



The effect of wintry and stormy weather is to drive seagulls up the Thames as far as London. These birds are to be seen in large numbers hovering over the river. St. James's Park being a green spot near the river, the gulls make it their favourite haunt. They become very tame from being fed by people who bring biscuits and other food for them. But what they like best is of course fish, and to meet their wants, a gentleman is often to be seen feeding them with sprats. The gulls are so eager for this food that they will take a fish out of his hand.

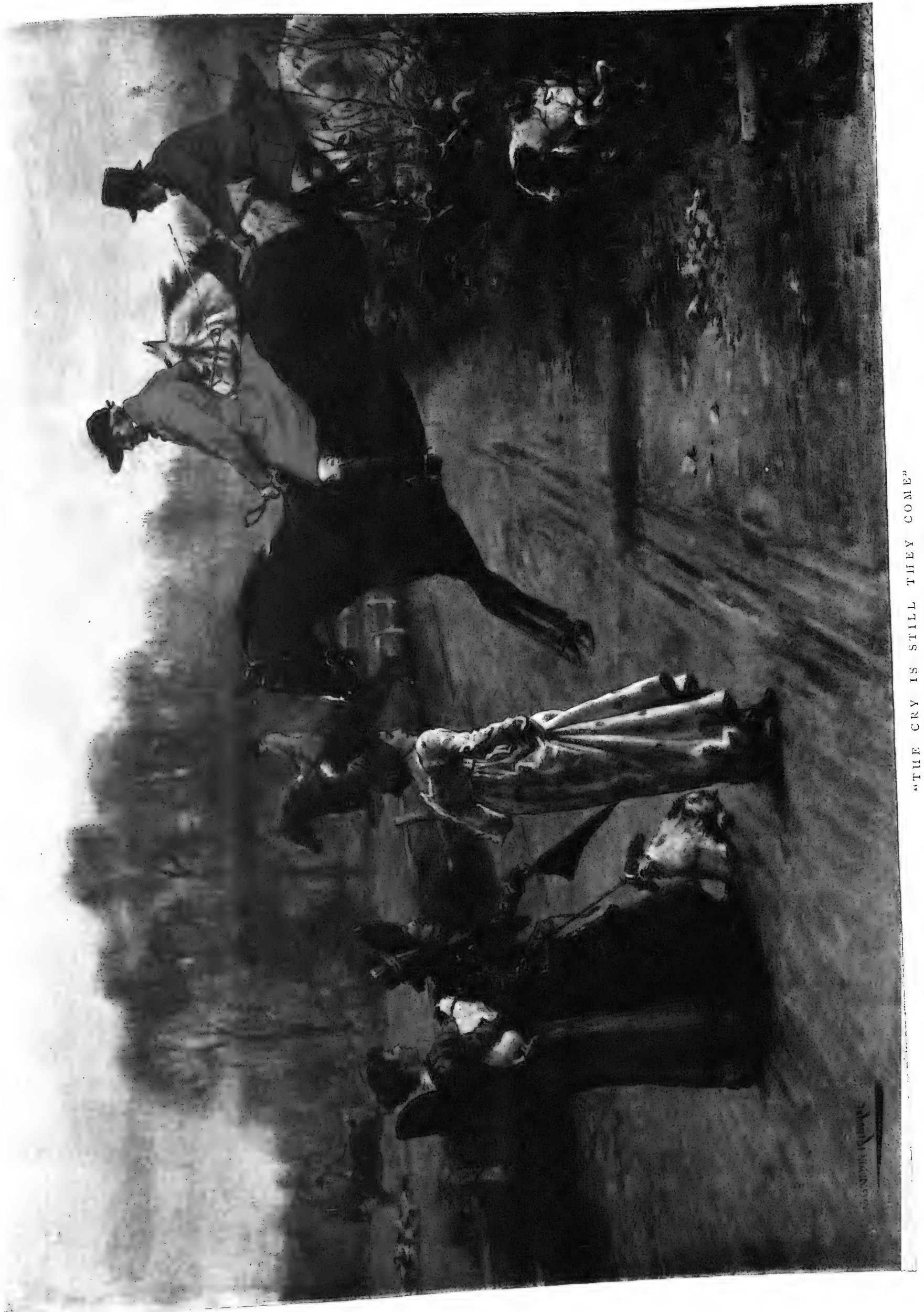
WINTER VISITORS TO LONDON: FEEDING SEAGULLS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK

DRAWN BY S. T. DADD

boxes and departed from the house without further excuse. No lady has hitherto been bold enough to sue them for damages. It will be curious to see whether in the future ladies, even as a threat, will avail themselves of their legal privileges.

One can but regret to hear that in the spirit of vulgarity and modernity that characterises this age, it has been decided to beautify (sic), by restoring, the Trianon for the Exhibition of 1900. All lovers of the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette must love its lonely gardens, the air of sadness and desertion that hangs around it, suffused as it is by memories of the happy hours passed there by Marie Antoinette, and of that last pregnant moment when the





"THE CRY IS STILL THEY COME"  
FROM THE PAINTING BY G. GOODWIN KILBURN

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"A Princess of Vascovy"

IN *The Golden Penny* this week appears the first instalment of an interesting new serial by John Oxenham, whose work is almost as familiar to readers of *The Graphic* as of *The Golden Penny*. Mr. Oxenham is the master of a vivid, breezy style, and his new story, "A Princess of Vascovy," is, perhaps, his most ambitious essay in fiction. Certainly, from first to last it will be read with breathless interest. In the course of a curious interview which Mr. Oxenham has himself contributed to *The Golden Penny* last week, he gives a few particulars about his career, and admits that he began to write "chiefly to see if I could do it, and as a relief from other business, but the pleasure of it gripped me, and I have never stopped since. If I never received a penny for my work I consider it has paid me many times over by the pleasure of it. It is very pleasant to me," continues Mr. Oxenham, "to be able to say that *The Graphic* was the first paper to accept my work. 'Two Jacks and the King'—a story of two boys and King Death—appeared with a splendid illustration in *The Graphic* of December 26, 1896. The only time I get the chance of writing is after dinner, between nine and twelve at night, and I look forward to that time all through the day. Sometimes things run smoothly, and that is joy and gladness. I have done as much as two thousand words in a night, and on the other hand I have spent an evening over a page and an hour over a single word. Frequently I find the end of the story shape itself first and the rest grows up to it by degrees. I write always in pencil, and trim and polish as I go, and re-read and trim and polish again many times before the MS. goes off to be typed." "A Princess of Vascovy" is admirably illustrated by Frances Ewan, one of whose clever drawings we reproduce in miniature.



"GIVE WAY!" HISSED ROUSTAINE"  
Miniature reproduction of one of Miss Ewan's illustrations to "A Princess of Vascovy," by John Oxenham

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New Models

"THE ARCHDEACON"

AMONG the best examples of Mrs. L. B. Walford's always interesting and highly finished work is to be included "The Archdeacon" (C. Arthur Pearson). The novel, in accordance with her characteristic method, is rather a portrait than a story; but at the same time it has a somewhat fuller and more regularly constructed plot than usual. Theobald Yorke starts in life with lofty religious aspirations, which he imparts to Irene Kavelston, an ordinarily worldly minded young woman who has passed through her first season. The two, who might have become lovers, are parted. The effect of the higher inspiration remains with Irene; but when she meets Theobald, now Archdeacon, Yorke in later life it is to find in him the worldly ecclesiastic who has been spoiled by social success, and turned into a conversational parader of "Dear Duchesses." How the tables are turned, and the inspired becomes the inspirer, Mrs. Walford must be left to tell. The novel is always interesting, and, in respect of the Archdeacon at his worst, pungently amusing.

"DIVIL-MAY-CARE"

May Crommelin's full title of "Divil-may-Care; alias Richard Burke, Sometime Adjutant of the Black Northerners" (F. V. White and Co.), promises a rattling Irish story of fun and fighting, perhaps after the manner of Lever. In fact, Richard Burke is by no means the reckless person denoted by his *sobriquet*—quite the contrary; but just a gallant and amiable soldier who cared a great deal about everything and everybody worth caring for. His story is the framework for a series of anecdotes localised in the part of Ireland which forms the literary domain of the authoress of "Orange Lily"—of an attempted abduction; of a so-called "agrarian" murder; of that weird superstition the Water-Horse; of a Witch-Doctor; and of various kindred topics and characters. All are told with spirit, and the volume will be found thoroughly interesting.

"THE COUNTESS THEKLA"

There is plenty of good reading—almost too much—in Mr. Robert Barr's "The Countess Thekla" (Methuen and Co.), of which the scene is laid in the quite sufficiently exciting times of Rudolph, the first Emperor of the House of Hapsburg. The plot is a capital blend of the connecting story of Lallah Rookh, of a suggestion of the administrative methods of Haroun Alraschid, and of the incidents of feudalism when Bishops were great temporal princes, and when brigandage was no disgrace to nobility. Boys of all ages will delight in the feats of the two English archers, John Surrey and Roger Kent—but, for that matter, not much less in the whole of Mr. Barr's novel, which has many of the special merits of the older school of historical romance, in addition to most of those—without the affectations—of the new.

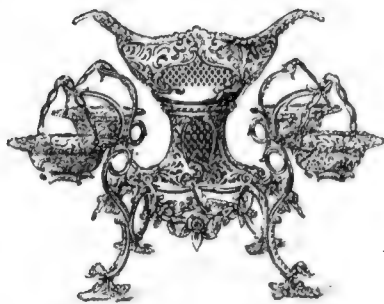
"IN STORM AND STRIFE"

Miss Jean Middlemass is evidently a thorough-going believer in the influence of heredity upon character. Of the two sisters, Peg and Molly Scarsdale, who play the chief parts in her new novel (Digby, Long and Co.), the former takes altogether after their saintly mother; the latter after her feeble scapegrace of a father. Peg is, of course, the heroine *par excellence*, and illustrates what is

perhaps Miss Middlemass's most favoured theme—the unlimited capacity of a woman for self-sacrifice, or rather for self-annihilation, even when the object is so poor a specimen of a rag-doll as Sir George Gregory. The authoress never shines in male portraiture. But her women are always admirable—women as women know one another, and not mere imitations of copies set by men. For this reason her novels are always worth reading.

Presentation to the Mayor of Norwich

A PRESENTATION has just been made to Mr. G. H. Vane, the Mayor of Norwich, to commemorate the birth of a son to his Mayoralty, in the form of a piece of plate designed in the style prevailing during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I.



able, enabling the baskets themselves to be used as a centre-piece, whilst the centre is retained as a centre flower stand. The centre-piece was supplied by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Ltd., of Cheapside, E.C.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.—A NEW look of reference is the "Sportsman's Year Book" (Lawrence and Bullen), edited by C. S. Colman and A. H. Windsor. The idea of the volume was suggested during the editors' work with Mr. Allsop upon the "Encyclopaedia of Sport," when the last-named gentleman originated the proposal to frame a Sportsman's Whitaker, leaving the task to Messrs. Colman and Windsor, who have compiled a very useful volume. Every kind of sport is dealt with. Each sport is treated on systematic lines.—"The Musical Directory Annual and Almanack" (Rudall Carte and Co.) has in its edition for 1899 reached its forty-seventh annual issue. It contains a list of musical institutions, an epitome of the principal musical events of last year in London and in the provinces, a directory of musicians, vocalists, professors, and musical temples, and a list of the new music published in the year ending on September 30, 1898. The almanack contains nearly seventy names.—"Sell's Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses" (Henry Sell) is a book that has become indispensable in the City. One has only to turn to "Sell" to find out the sender of a telegram when signed by a code signature, and thus what used to be a source of considerable trouble is removed. The book is well up to date, all information received from the Post Office up to January 1st being included. The book is also a guide to the leading business houses.

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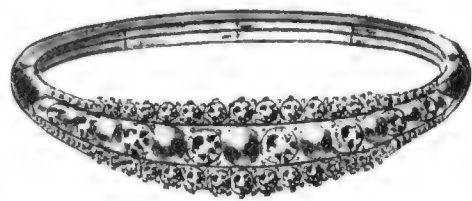
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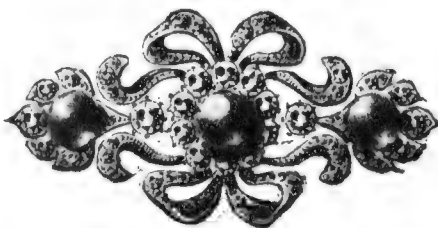


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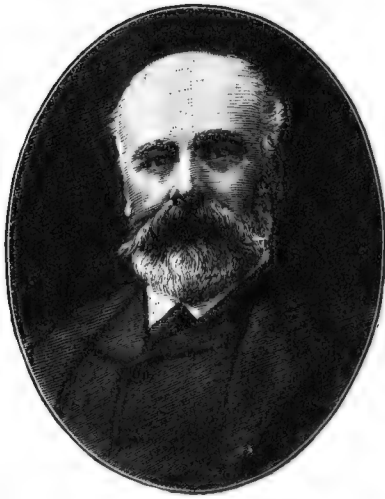
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The Missing Director

THE sixty-ninth half-yearly ordinary meeting of the Millwall Dock Company was a somewhat stormy one. Mr. H. Roberts, who



COLONEL G. R. BIRT

holders was appointed to investigate the affairs of the company. A warrant has been issued for Colonel George Raymond Birt, who is described as being sixty-nine years of age and 5 ft. 10 in. in height.

was in the chair, had to answer more or less indignant questions as to the disappearance of Colonel Birt, the Chairman and Managing Director, who is accused of falsifying the accounts of the company. Mr. Birt possessed the fullest confidence not only of his colleagues, but also of the shareholders. The accounts show that the net revenue of company has been exaggerated year by year, and dividends have been paid out of capital. A committee of share-

GLASGOW means to make her Exhibition of 1901 a very fine show. Like its predecessor of 1888, the Exhibition will be held in Kelvin Park, and the buildings are to be especially handsome, particularly the art galleries. As a substantial surplus was left from the last Exhibition, the money is being spent on these galleries, which will form a valuable permanent addition to the Glasgow public buildings.

RECEPTION GOWN

In mauve silk. Tablier of white chiffon threaded with silver, and with three bands of silver passementerie. Sleeves of tucked and ruffled chiffon, and ruffles on shoulder and skirt. Black velvet waistband, and rosettes with paste buttons. White camellias on corsage and in hair

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PART IV.—CATTLE	131—170

PREFACE

"THE information contained in 'Accidents and Ailments' is offered as likely to be of assistance in the treatment of such Animals as are indicated by the Title Page, in some instances probably ensuring a complete cure or at all events a reduction of diseases and alleviation of injuries. Such treatment will be more effectual, through the proper mode of application of Elliman's Embrocation being known, and in these pages treatment is rendered clearer than is possible in a paper of directions wrapped round a bottle.

"It will be apparent that Elliman's Embrocation is not recommended as the sole and exclusive treatment necessary in every case. The decision as to what cases require the services of a Veterinary Surgeon must be left to the discretion of the Owner of the Animal.

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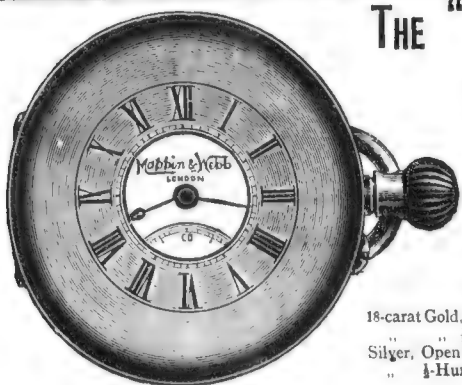
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## Rural Notes

## THE SEASON

THE brighter skies have been welcome, as has the crisper and more bracing air. While the night frosts have healthily and opportunely checked the too rapid growth of the winter wheat, the solar heat in sheltered places has, from noon till three p.m., been very perceptible, and to this may largely be attributed the rapid showing of catkins on the hazels and the flowering of the golden gorse. The humble chickweed is also in flower, but we have not yet seen any almond blossom. The mean date for the almond flowering is about March 15, while our earliest recorded observation is February 23. Farmers on well-drained, high-lying land have made a beginning with barley sowing, but we fear this important operation will be rather late than early as a rule. The low-lying lands are still saturated with moisture, though it is noted that absolute floods have gone down rapidly. The character of March for "many weathers" is very widely known, but the month, as far as our own observation goes, has a fairly consistent character of its own. It more often than not reverses the old proverb about coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, the last few days of the month being not infrequently very rough, cold and stormy. Old University oarsmen will attest how many Boat Races have been rowed in atrocious weather; and the Boat Race in many years falls in the last few days of March. The reputation of March for dust and wind seems to us well deserved, and the Meteorological Office fully confirm its name as one of the driest months of the year. The average is only 1.54 inches. Sometimes it is all but rainless. In March, 1893, only 0.41 of an inch fell. Sunshine with March increases notably. The February average of 47 hours is exactly doubled. Temperature makes very little advance; in fact, the sun being higher and shining more hours

without the month's average being more than 2.2 degrees above that of February looks as if the temperature between sunset and sunrise was actually lower than in the preceding month. We believe many of observers have been of this opinion, and the average number of frosty nights in March is the same as in February. The persistent prejudice against an early spring is indicated in the March proverbs that "flies swarming" and "gnats dancing" bring death to sheep, that "the March sun wounds," that sun in March nourishes agues (the Shakespeare). The Scotch say that "March win' blooms the (Shakespeare). The Scotch say that "March win' blooms the whin," but this year the gorse was well out before February had left us. Why "a foggy March" should portend "a wet summer" we altogether fail to discern, but the March saying "as bad as we have in March" is, we take it, a variant of the old dislike to a thunder in March, thunder going with warm weather. Is the precocious season, thunder going with warm weather. Is the ordinary years, and the early flowering of the gorse and chickweed — the latter is usually timed for March 4, but was out this year on February 18—look like it. On the other hand, the wheat, although coming on strong, does not look to us at all higher than usual for the beginning of March, and the blue speedwell, which is supposed to flower on February 19, was not out more than a day or so before that date. Birds did not pair particularly early, nor have we yet seen any peach blossom in the open, though by the end of February this is no infrequent sight against sheltered walls.

## LOAVES AND SACKS

How many quatern loaves can an ordinarily smart baker obtain from a sack of sound flour weighing 280 lb.? Some authorities have said as many as 105, others say a round hundred. But the London Chamber of Commerce says 90, and Sir John Lawes says 94. There is thus a difference of 15 per cent., which is enough to alter the calculations of any trade. The baker is naturally interested in

making out as low a figure as possible, while the analytical chemist is apt, perhaps, to assume an ideal result as normally obtainable, which, of course, it never is. The best practical information, therefore, would seem to be that to be derived from Government sources, and it would be particularly interesting to know how much bread is ordinarily obtained from a sack of flour in Government bakeries in (1) barracks and (2) prisons. Where boards of guardians conduct their own bakeries instead of contracting for the supply of the union similar returns would be most useful. Will no member of Parliament undertake to move for such returns? They exist, but the Press has no access to them, and they do not appear to be known even unofficially to any of the writers on the subject. Confectioners get 110 loaves to the sack from fine Hungarian flour, but this is only obtained from very special flour and by specially hard as well as skilled work.

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE SOIL

We have nothing to say against the recent speeches of Lord Beauchamp, Sir H. Fowler, and Mr. Chaplin, in all of which a man who actually works on the land is spoken of as "serving the country not less than the Civil servant," as "the real mainstay of agriculture," and finally as "a knight of the soil." But the agricultural labourer cannot, we fear, have his pension without he saves, and on his fifteen shillings a week (which is only fourteen shillings in remote districts) to even suggest thrift is a bitter mockery. The alternative is different in his case from that of a Civil servant, on the one hand or that of a farmer who is helped by the Agricultural Benevolent Society on the other. The Civil servant gets his pension out of his own market value. But for the pension the Government employ would attract an inferior type of man. Even as it is compulsory thrift drives the more energetic and creative mind to other professions than the Civil Service, so that that department is

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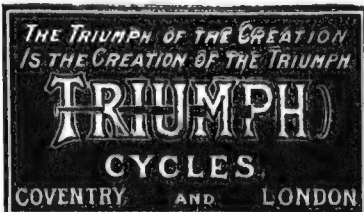
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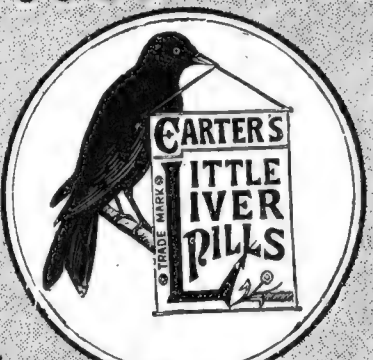
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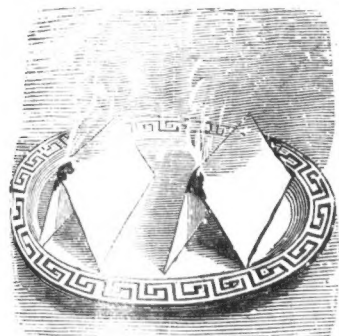
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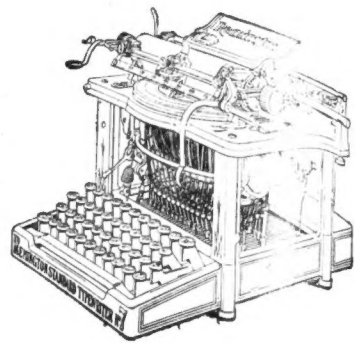


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HASTENS  
CONVALESCENCE  
especially after  
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**THE GRAPHIC, MARCH 4, 1899**



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